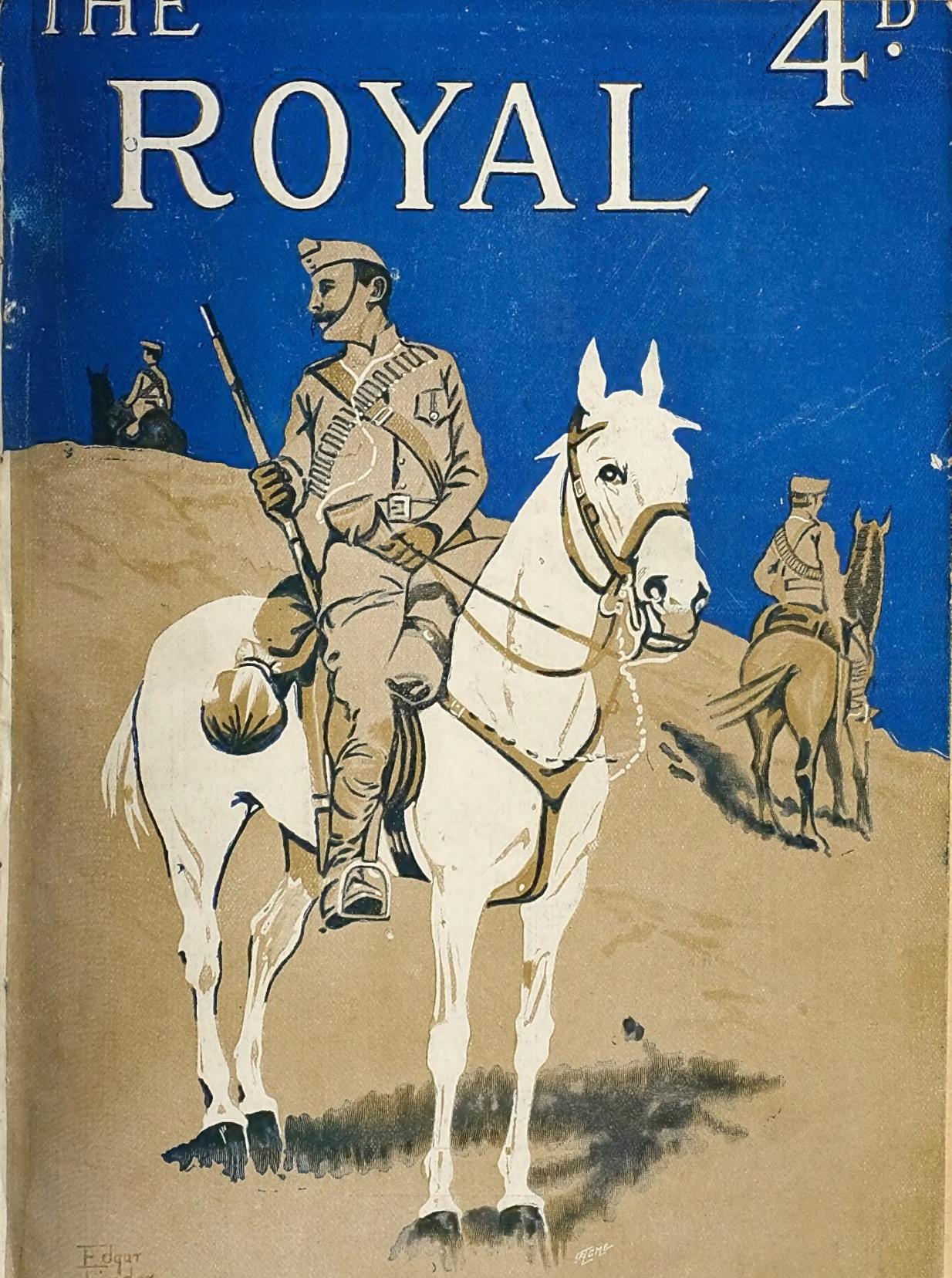
THE ROYAL

4D.



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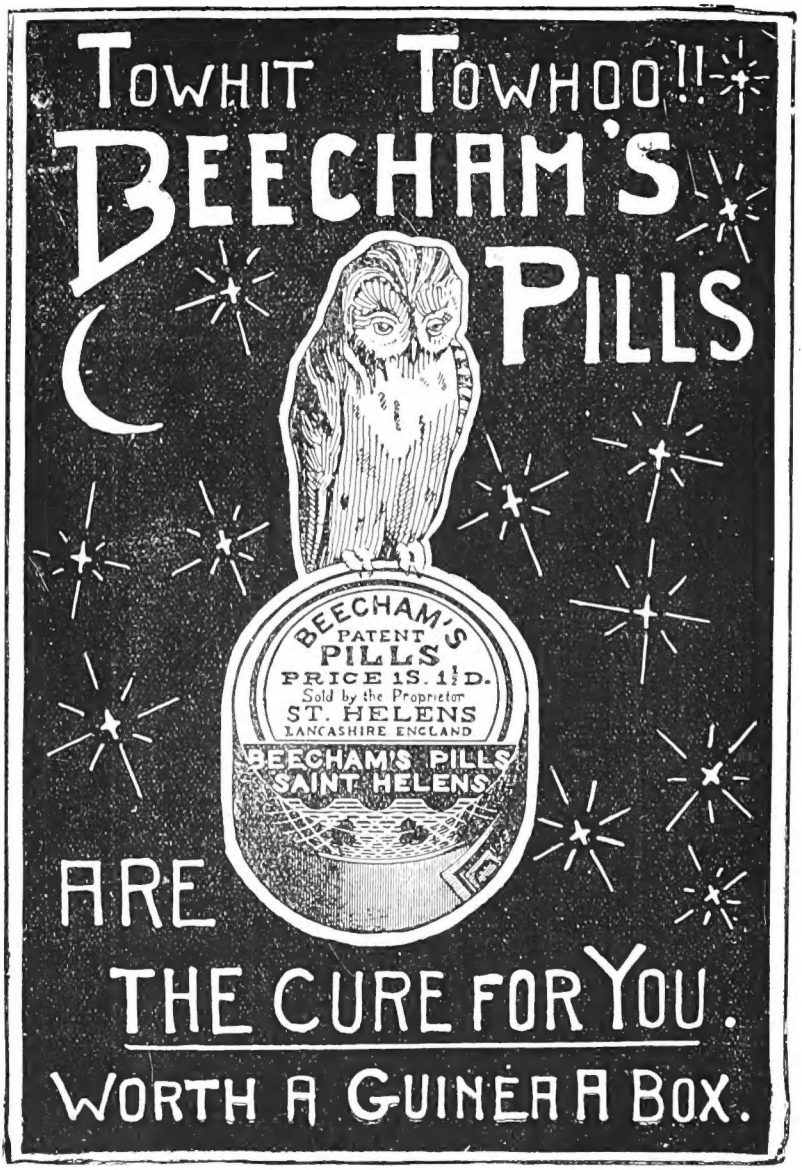

For Sick Headache, Constipation, Weak Stomach, Wind, Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver, and all

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You tell me and I'll tell thee:

Those who have tongues that never lie,
Truth on the lip, truth in the eye;
To Friend or to Foe,
To all above, and to all below.

These are the happy, these are the free,
So may it be with thee and me.

WHAT HIGHER AIM CAN MAN ATTAIN THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN?

DRAWING AN OVERDRAFT ON THE BANK OF LIFE.

Late Hours, Fagged, Unnatural Excitement, Breathing Impure Air, too Rich Food, Alcoholic Drink, Gouty, Rheumatic, and other Blood Poisons, Fevers, Feverish Influenza Colds, Sleeplessness, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Skin Eruptions, Pimples on the Face, Want of Appetite, Sourness of Stomach, &c. Use

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

It is Pleasant, Soothing, Cooling, Health-giving, Refreshing and Invigorating.

You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.

IT PREVENTS DIARRHŒA AND REMOVES IT IN THE EARLY STAGES.

EVERYTHING but the Plainest Food Disagreed with me.—"Onslow Gardens, London, S.W.—SIR,—Allow me to express my gratitude for the WONDERFUL PREVENTIVE OF SICK HEADACHE you have given to the world in ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' For two years and a half I suffered from Sick Headache. Five months ago I commenced taking your 'FRUIT SALT' daily, and have not had one headache during that time; whereas formerly everything but the plainest food disagreed with me, I am now almost indifferent as to diet. I cannot thank you sufficiently for conferring on me such a benefit.—I am, Sir, yours gratefully, TRUTH."

"AS an illustration of the beneficial effects of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' I have no hesitation in giving the particulars of the case of one of my friends. SLUGGISH ACTION of the LIVER and BILIOUS HEADACHE affected him, so he was obliged to live upon only a few articles of diet, and to be most sparing in their use. This did nothing in effecting a cure, although persevered in for twenty-five years, and also consulting eminent members of the faculty. By the use of your 'FRUIT SALT,' he now ENJOYS VIGOROUS HEALTH; he has NEVER had a HEADACHE or CONSTIPATION since he commenced to use it, about six months ago, and can partake of his food to the great satisfaction of himself and friends. You may well extend its use *pro bono publico.* I find it makes a VERY REFRESHING and INVIGORATING DRINK.—I remain, yours faithfully, J. W. NEIL."—(*From the late Rev. J. W. NEIL, Holy Trinity Church, North Shields.*)

HEADACHE and Disordered Stomach.—"After suffering for nearly two and a half years from SEVERE HEADACHE and DISORDERED STOMACH, and after trying almost everything and spending much money, without finding any benefit, I was recommended by a friend to try ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' and before I had finished one bottle I found it doing me a GREAT DEAL of GOOD, and now I am restored to my usual health; and others I know that have tried it have NOT ENJOYED such GOOD HEALTH for years.—Yours most truly, ROBERT HUMPHREYS, Post Office, Barrasford."

The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' on any DISORDERED and FEVERISH condition is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—*See Capsule marked "ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'" Without it you have a WORTHLESS imitation.*

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, London, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

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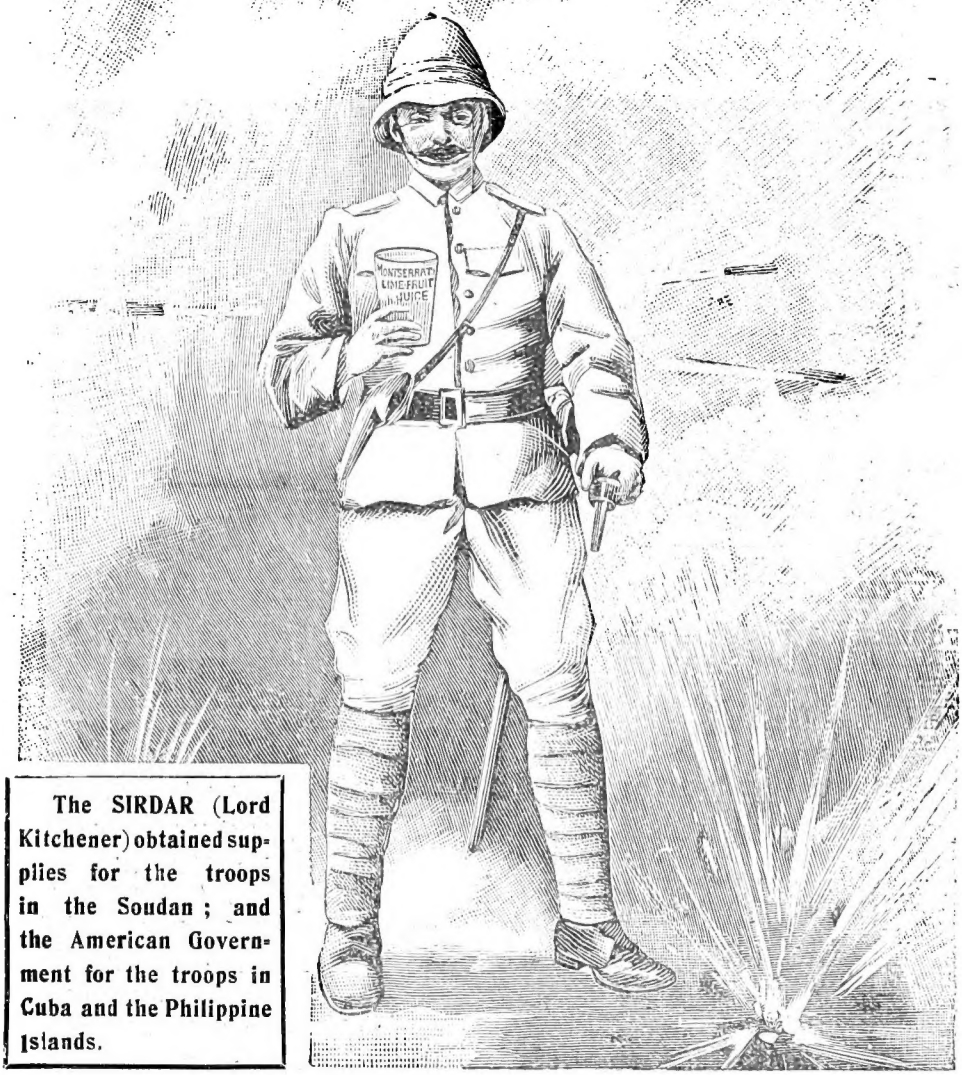
"Never felt so cool in my life!"



The SIRDAR (Lord Kitchener) obtained supplies for the troops in the Soudan; and the American Government for the troops in Cuba and the Philippine Islands.

Keep Cool and Healthy

BY DRINKING REGULARLY

"MONTSERRAT LIME-FRUIT JUICE,

which is universally admitted to be the Purest and Best, being pressed from the juice of Cultivated limes grown in the famous Island of Montserrat.

Avoid chemical crystals, which have no healthful effect.

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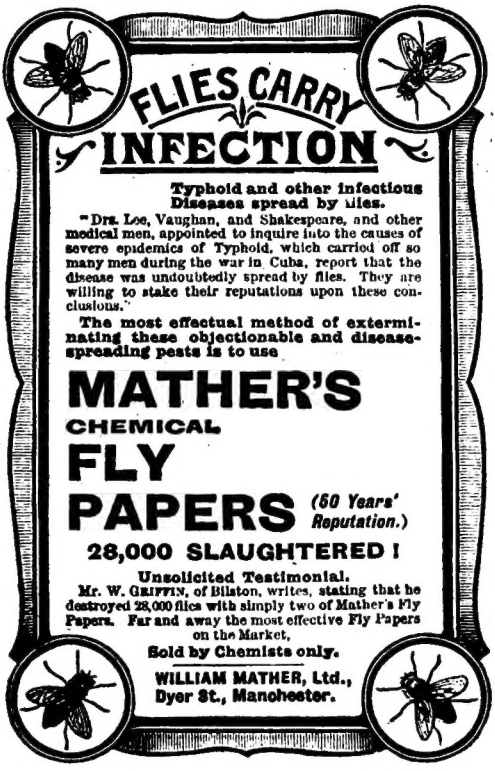
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INFECTION
Typhoid and other infectious Diseases spread by flies.
"Drs. Loe, Vaughan, and Shakespeare, and other medical men, appointed to inquire into the causes of severe epidemics of Typhoid, which carried off so many men during the war in Cuba, report that the disease was undoubtedly spread by flies. They are willing to stake their reputations upon these conclusions."
The most effectual method of exterminating these objectionable and disease-spreading pests is to use
MATHER'S
CHEMICAL
FLY
PAPERS (50 Years' Reputation.)
28,000 SLAUGHTERED!
Unsolicited Testimonial.
Mr. W. GRIFFIN, of Bilston, writes, stating that he destroyed 28,000 flies with simply two of Mather's Fly Papers. Far and away the most effective Fly Papers on the Market.
Sold by Chemists only.
WILLIAM MATHER, Ltd.,
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IRON YOUR LINEN WITHOUT FIRE
No Smell.
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WITH THE SELF-HEATING
"DALLI" BOX IRON
The most perfect Ironer for household use. By using the "DALLI" and the smokeless and odourless "DALLI FUEL," all trouble of heating the Irons and keeping large fires is avoided. The "DALLI" is always perfectly clean, easy to handle, and always ready for use in a few minutes. Instructions for use with each Iron.
The cost of ironing is less than ½d. per hour.
The price of "The Dalli" is 6/-.
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Thousands of these Irons selling on the Continent.
NO HOUSEHOLD SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT.
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TO INSURE GOOD HEALTH

FOR THOSE WHO SUFFER WITH

PAINS IN THE BACK,

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Electricity will Cure when all other remedies fail.

Recommended by three Physicians to H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and by the most eminent medical men of this century.

Bands for Headaches and Sore Throats, 5s.

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Spring Mattresses, Cots, &c.

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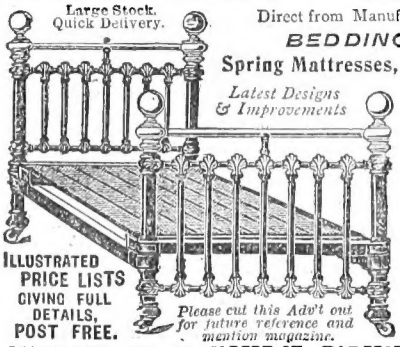

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From the first dose of **OZERINE** fits cease. It has cured PERMANENTLY the very worst cases of Epilepsy when every other remedy had failed. Price 4 6 and 11/-, post free. Thousands of Testimonials **Send for a Free Sample Bottle** and Test it. **Write to Dept. B.,**
W. NICHOLL, *Pharmaceutical Chemist,* **25, HIGH ST., BELFAST.**

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COX'S "ELFIN" JELLIES

are prepared from **COX'S famous Gelatine** of ***British Manufacture,*** and are delicately flavoured. They are as cheap as any other Tablet Jellies despite the high quality of the material used.

COX'S "ELFIN" JELLIES

can be made in a few minutes. They are delightfully flavoured and form a delicate, dainty dish for Luncheon, Dinner, or Supper.

COX'S "Elfin" JELLIES.

Ask your Grocer for an "Elfin," and compare it with the other Jelly Tablets you have liked hitherto. Send a post card (naming your Grocer), and you will receive a Free Sample.

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Over 70 Years' Established Reputation.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST INFANTS' FOOD.

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FOR

INFANTS, GROWING CHILDREN, INVALIDS, AND THE AGED.

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"This is an excellent Food, admirably adapted to the wants of Infants and Young Persons, and being rich in phosphates and potash, is of the greatest utility in supplying the bone-forming and other indispensable elements of food."

If the directions given on each tin are followed, the infantile system may be regulated without the aid of medicine.

A MOST NUTRITIOUS FOOD FOR NURSING MOTHERS.

JUNO CYCLES For Ladies & Gents. The Very Best. Most up-to-date.

FREE OR FIXED WHEELS.
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Light Roadster, £10...16/8 Monthly. £11...18 4
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Write for New Season's List, over 100 pages, of **JUNO** Cycles and Accessories, sent post free. METROPOLITAN MACHINISTS CO. LTD., 75 & 76, Bishopsgate Street Without, London, E.C., and Piccadilly Circus, London, W. Mossberg Wrench (C pattern), 1/1.

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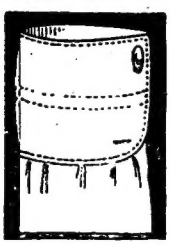
IMPROVED WHITE SHIRTS

(UNDRESSED)



WITH REVERSIBLE CUFFS.

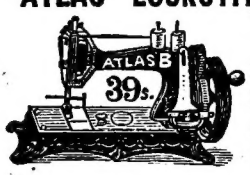
The reversible cuffs of these shirts enable them to be worn **twice**, and the wearer thus obtains practically two shirts for the price of one. A boon to all who appreciate snow-white wrist linen daily, and who object to the annoyance of detachable cuffs. It is in every way a "perfect" shirt, and fits without a crease. Sheaths the wrists with comfort, adds a grace to the hands, and looks the very perfection of neatness and smartness. Made only in one quality—the best, at one price—the lowest—**3/11.** To open in front or behind as preferred. In ordering, please state size of collar.

Sample Shirt, **3/11**; ½ doz., **11/6**; ¼ doz., **22/6**; post free.

FREE SAMPLE COLLAR! To introduce our best four-fold Irish linen collars, we will give Sample Collar, post free, to every gentleman sending trial order for our Improved Shirts. State size, depth, and shape required. All collars are made to FIT our shirts.

HOWITSON & EARSMAN, Shirt Makers, 3, Ranelagh Pl., Liverpool.

"ATLAS" LOCKSTITCH MACHINE 39s.



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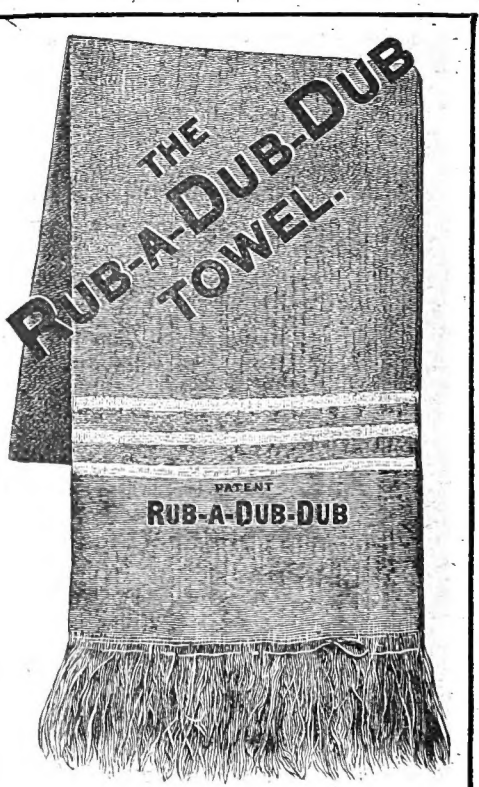

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PURE LINEN.

16/- to 18/- a Dozen.

THIS Towel is of quite new structure, woven out of good Two-fold Irish Linen Thread, the natural Magnetic and Electric Induction of the Flax being intensified, so that when used it at once helps to produce the healthy glow and warmth so desirable to everybody.

Its Coiled Meshes permit the air to circulate, and yield with thorough elasticity to the surface of the skin.

This Towel is neither clumsy nor flimsy, but is easy to wash and easy to dry, and for a long period actually improves with use.

After any special exertion, to the Athlete, the Cyclist or the Yachtsman, it is most refreshing to have a rub down with one or two of these Towels.

SOLD BY ALL DRAPERS, STORES, &c.

Sole Manufacturers:—

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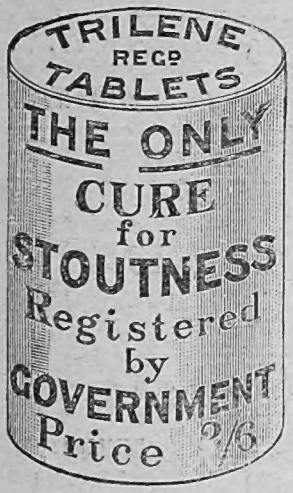
ALL FAT PEOPLE

Can be CURED by taking

TRILENE TABLETS

(Regd.)

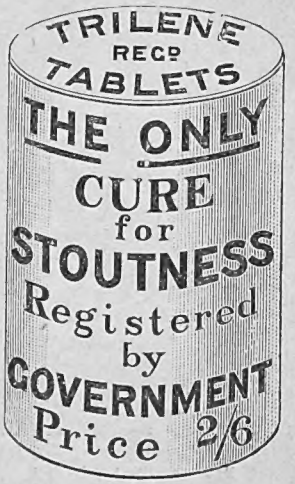


for a few weeks. They will safely REDUCE WEIGHT and CURE CORPULENCY PERMANENTLY, whether Abdominal or General. They are small, agreeable, harmless, sent privately, and never fail to improve both Health and Figure without change of Diet.

An ENGLISH COUNTESS writes:
"Your Trilene Tablets act admirably."

Send 2s. 6d. to Mr. M. Wells, The Trilene Association, 66, Finsbury Pavement, London.

An Interesting Book on Obesity accompanies each Box.



SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

Countess Seckendorff, of Berlin, writes: "I have taken Tablets with success, and am recommending them to friends."

Mrs. Drew, of 1, Bellevue Gardens, The Nursery, Devizes, writes: "I took Tablets some years ago; they soon reduced me, and I have not got stout since. Send a box for my mother."

Miss Northledge, The Laurels, Riseholme Road, Lincoln, says: "The Tablets reduced me 1st., so that I am cured."

Colour-Sergeant Whittle, of East Lancashire Regiment, Burnley, Lancs., says: "A man in our regiment in 1891 lost several stone from taking your Tablets."

Mrs. Darnley Smith, of Landscove Vicarage, Ashburton, writes: "Trilene Tablets have reduced my weight very much. I am so much lighter in every way, and better in health."

"87, Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct., 1896.

"GENTLEMEN,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them, and their action was rapid, as my wife was for many years growing too stout but the Tablets soon reduced the same completely You have our united thanks, and if I can do anything to promote your interests, I will freely use my utmost endeavours to do so.

"Yours faithfully, **J. R. Canham.**"

Princess Liechtenstein of Landsberg, Austria, writes: "Pray send me your Tablets directly."

Lady Constance Conrad writes from Wiesbaden: "I am highly pleased with your Tablets."

Countess Furstenberg writes: "The Tablets act speedily and well."

Extract from "The Lady," 3rd Sept. 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk, either by means of severe dieting or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a case of the wonderful Trilene Tablets, which are guaranteed absolutely harmless, containing neither mercury, arsenic, nor any other mineral poison, and which are an unfailing Cure for Obesity."

Mrs. T. Boston, Cambridge Villas, Clifford Street, South Wigston says: "I congratulate you on your wonderful Tablets. My weight at first starting them was 11st. 7lb., and I now weigh 9st. 11lb."

West Cornforth, Ferryhill.

Mr. William Usher says: "A sister of mine, who was 17st., was greatly reduced by your Tablets to 15st."

"77, Hindbill Street, Heywood, 5th February, 1898.

"GENTLEMEN,—Your Tablets work wonderfully in curing obesity. I have not quite finished the box, and am 21lb. lighter. The change is so great that several friends have begun the treatment, which not only reduces fat, but strengthens rheumatic joints—at least, such has been the case with me.

"(Signed) **M. A. Heywood (Miss).**"

Mrs. Weaver, of Greenpits Villa, Station Road, Ross, Hereford, says: "I wish to say I have been reduced from 13st. 8lb. to 11st. by your Tablets, and can recommend them highly. You can use this publicly if you wish."

G. A. Gale, Esq., of Bothenhampton, Bridport, says: "Tablets most beneficial, and greatly reduced my weight. I feel better generally."

Father T. M. Byrne, of Holy Cross Abbey, Sligo, writes: "When I began your Tablets I was 12st. 5lb.; I now scale at 10st. 11lb.—my case, too, is hereditary."

Mrs. Alexander, of 102, Dixon Street, New Swindon, says: "They have reduced me 2st.; in fact I am quite cured."

Mrs. Mary Williams, of Old Yard, near Bedol, Bagillt, Wales, writes: "I have lost 28lb., and will do my best to make them known."

Miss Patient, of Woodberry, Theydon Bois: "Feel great benefit from Tablets. I have lost 2st., and am sufficiently reduced."

Mrs. James Smith, of Cowell Terrace, Soham, says: "Your 2s. 6d. box of Tablets reduced my weight 12lb."

Mrs. Crossley, of Rose Hill, Torver, near Coniston, says: "There is a very decided diminution of fat. I am delighted. I cannot praise Tablets too highly. My heart is better, and I can breathe so much easier. You may refer to me as often as you like."

Mrs. C. Alexander, 102, Dixon Street, New Swindon, Wilts, writes: "Tablets have reduced me quite 28 lbs."

Mrs. W. A. Radford, High Street, New Brinsley, Eastwood, says: "Before taking your Tablets, I was 46in. round waist. I am now 32in., and can get about in comfort, and hope soon to be 24in. You may use this as you please."

THE TRILENE ASSOCIATION, 66, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.

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BRASS and METAL WORK with

Needham's

METAL

Polishing Paste?

There's nothing like it for quick, clean, work.

NO ACID IN IT.

JOSEPH PICKERING & SONS. Sole Manufacturers, SHEFFIELD.

BEST FOR THE

SKIN & COMPLEXION.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOILET SOAP.

6d. Tablets. Sold everywhere.

ANTISEPTIC, EMOLLIENT, REFRESHING.

Illustrated List post free on application.

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SIX GOLD MEDALS.

Goddard's Plate Powder

NON MERCURIAL.

Sold in Boxes 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. each, by Chemists, Grocers, Ironmongers, &c.

"MENE" Ladies say these Towels are superior to all other makes for cleanliness, comfort, and economy. May be obtained from all Underclothing Houses and Chemists, or, 2 doz. No. 1, 1/-; SANITARY 1 doz. No. 2, 1/-; 1 doz. No. 3, 1/6; post free. A Free Sample of No. 1 sent post free to any lady naming this Magazine.

MISS HAYNES, 55, Fann St., London, E.C. TOWEL FOR LADIES

RICH IN FLAVOUR. APPETISING

GRANT'S SCOTCH OAT FLOUR

PURE IN QUALITY. STRENGTHENING.

Carefully prepared from the finest Scotch Oats. Its unrivalled flesh-forming and bone-producing properties constitute it an invaluable food for Young Children, Invalids, or Adults.

Ask your Grocer for it. Sample 1-lb. Tins 1s., *sent Post Free.*

PROPRIETOR AND MANUFACTURER—

JOHN GRANT, Craig Mills, DUNDEE.

Makers of Grant's Guaranteed Pure Scotch Oatmeal.

HIGH-CLASS HAND-MADE CIGARETTES

Every smoker studying economy can save 30 to 40 per cent by purchasing direct from us:—

"SPECIAL" VIRGINIA, a delightful Cigarette to inhale. ½lb., 2/6; ¼lb., 4/6; 1lb., 8/6, post free.

"SPECIAL" TURKISH, exquisite flavour, ½lb., 2/6; ¼lb., 4/6; 1lb., 8/6, post free.

Only the very finest selected Tobaccos are used in the manufacture of these Cigarettes. They represent the highest standard of excellence and purity attainable, and can be strongly recommended. W. C. WILSON & CO., Matilda Street, SHEFFIELD.

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STEEL WIRE MATTRESSES AND BEDSTEADS.

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Guaranteed for Five Years.

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SEE TESTIMONIALS BELOW! (Originals can be seen.)

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Colour: White, Brown, or Black—	Children's.	Ladies'.	Gent's.
A. Plain Shoes (without strapping) ...	1/6	1/9	2/-
D. Superior Canvas (as per illustration)	—	2/6	2/9
E. Velvet Uppers (Black)	—	3/-	3/3
Felt Slippers, best quality (Black)	1/-	1/3	1/6
Leather Solid Shoes (Superior)	3/6	4/-	4/9

Off 3 pairs at one time we allow 2d. per pair.

N.B.—Post free United Kingdom, abroad extra.

PATENT CANVAS SHOE CO., 95a, Bath St., Glasgow.

Illustrated Catalogue of Novelties, post free, 1d.

Trial Bottle, Post Free 7D.

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GREY HAIR

SHADEINE, guaranteed permanent, washable and absolutely harmless. Will not burn the hair or produce unnatural tint. Detection impossible. Contains no lead, silver, sulphur, &c. Trial Bottle 7d., post free. (Sent secretly packed.) State colour required.

N. M. ALEXANDRE (Est. 1861), 30, Westbourne Grove, London, W.

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NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!

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TORTOISE-SHELL MIXTURE

The Purest and Best Smoking Mixture ever produced.

SOLD EVERYWHERE IN PACKETS AND TINS ONLY.

MILD With Silver Shield **MEDIUM STRENGTH** Green Shield

ALSO

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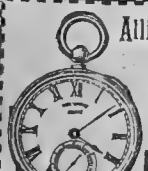

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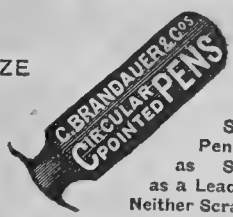

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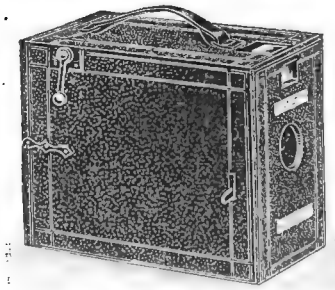

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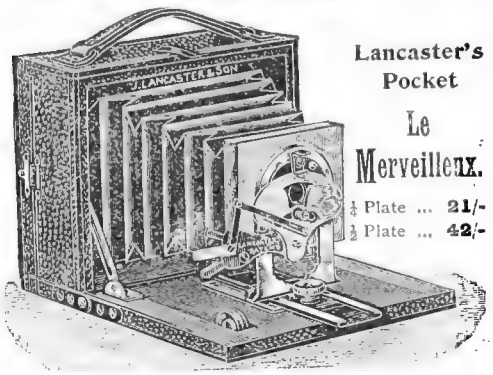

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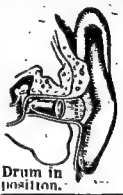

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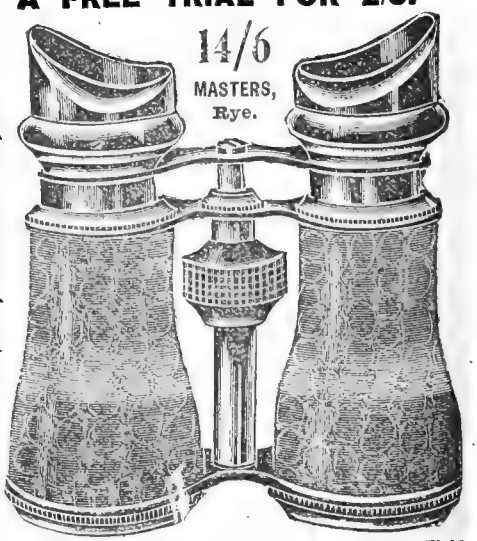

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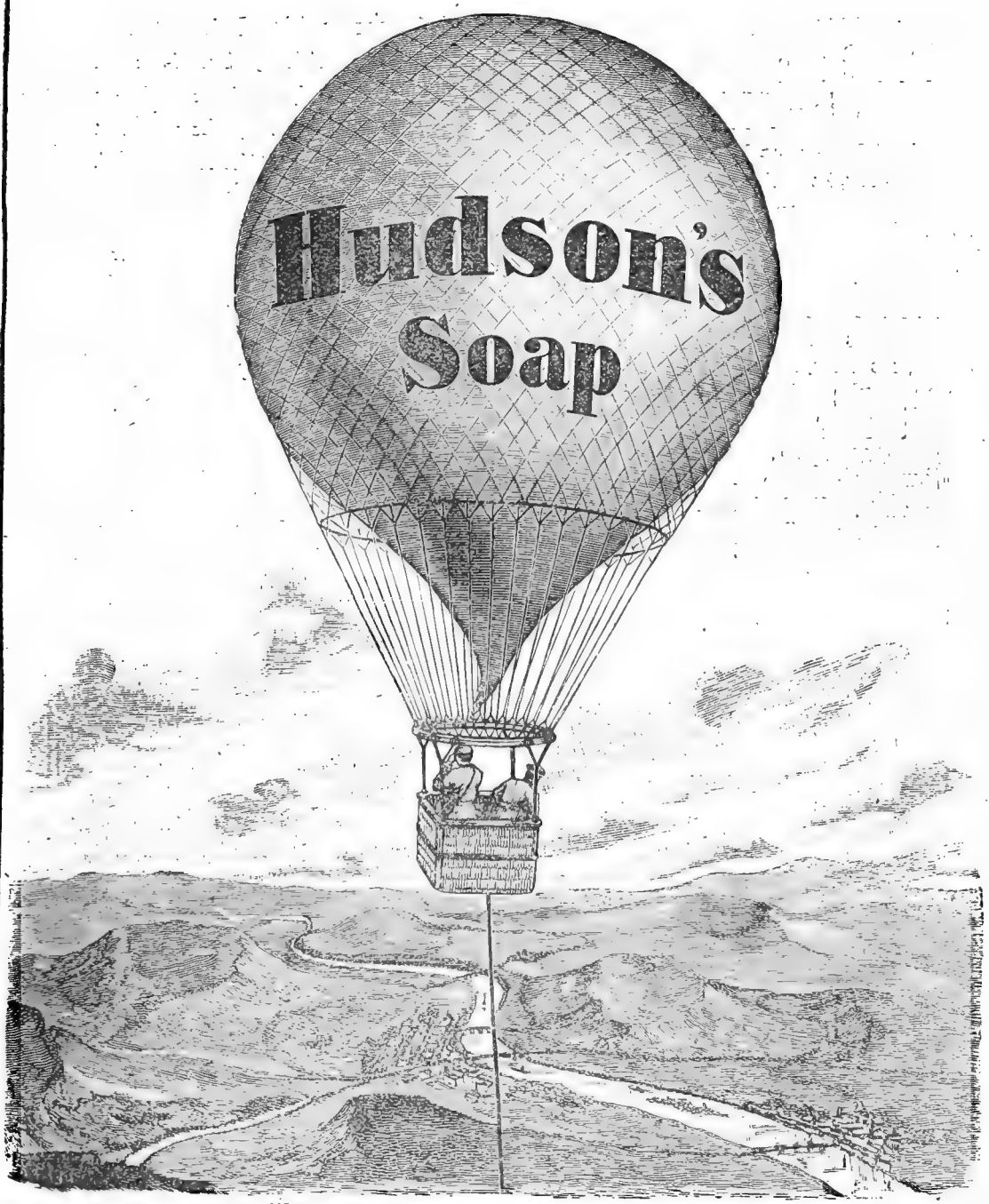

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for the first three half-yearly Volumes of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free, 1/2.

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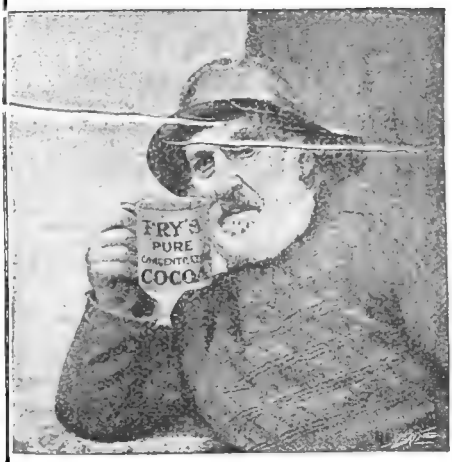

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From a Painting by Miss B. Offor.

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And in that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow
But tell of days in goodness spent—
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

—Byron.

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Photo by L.

THE ART OF THE CAMERA

By Roderick Grey.

The Newest Thing in Cameras.

The ingenuity of our cousins across the Atlantic is truly marvellous. There seems to be no limit to their resourcefulness. We of the old country have our strong points, but when it comes to the question of a new notion the Americans can just "walk rings" round us.

One of the latest and best contrivances I have come across in the way of hand cameras is a panoramic one. The idea, of course, is not a new one. But what a triumph of inventiveness is the method of carrying it out! It measures only $7\frac{1}{4}$ by $4\frac{1}{4}$ by $3\frac{1}{4}$. Yet it takes a picture the extreme limits of which form at the camera an angle of about 112degs.

To many of my readers that conveys next to nothing. Let me explain myself differently, though less exactly. If you stand looking straight ahead of you without moving your eyes, you will observe that you can see a very considerable sweep of horizon. This little camera will give you a photo pretty well along the whole stretch which your vision thus embraces.

The Panoramic Camera.

The difference between a picture of a lovely stretch of scenery taken by one of these panoramic cameras and an ordinary hand camera must be seen to be appreciated. Instead of only a small glimpse you get a view, and, what is most important, every part of the photograph is in focus and equally rectilinear.

I will not attempt to describe the little affair in detail. The essence of the ingenuity of the apparatus lies in the fact that the lens instead of being fixed is made to revolve in a half circle, and thus sweep the whole horizon included in the picture. As an idea this is as old as the hills, but the details are, in this camera, worked out in the most simple and ingenious manner.

An excellent illustration of what this camera can do is to be found in the fact that if you stand in the middle of a street and take a snapshot down

Photo by Count Luigi Primoli.

The German Emperor and King Humbert Starting for a Drive.

Copyright, 1900, in the United States of America, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

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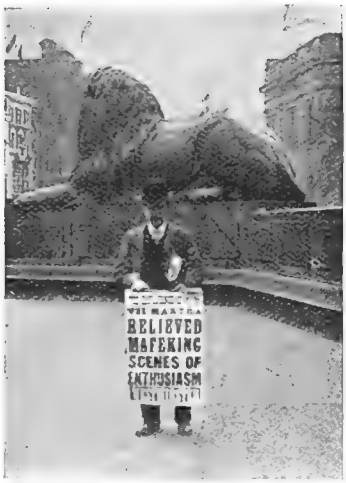
From a Photo.

A YOUTHFUL JOACHIM.

Google

the length of it, you take the houses on either side of you almost to your immediate right and left but only a little of the distance in front of you. A better fifty shillings worth than this camera is not to be found, and I can recommend it.

Cameras in Exhibitions. I cannot for the life of me imagine why those who are responsible for the management of exhibitions should forbid hand cameras. Surely they must forget what a splendid advertisement each successful snapshot by a keen amateur really is. He or she shows it to every acquaintance. Moreover, the fact of being able to take a camera must prove an attraction to many people. Doubtless a certain amount of money in hard cash is lost which the professional pays for the sole right of photographing. But I doubt whether the loss would prove very great if the general public were limited to the use of hand cameras. Exhibition directors perhaps know their own business best, but for all that I cannot help marvelling at what appears to me to be a very short-sighted policy. The directors of the Paris Exhibition have shown far more sense, for hand cameras are allowed free access. Any camera fitted with a stand has to pay a certain fee per day.



From a Photo.

Mafeking Day.

The Eclipse of the Sun. I wonder how many of my readers succeeded in obtaining any records of interest in connection with the recent eclipse of the sun. I don't suppose many succeeded in securing anything like satisfactory pictures of the actual phenomenon. To get a fair sized image of the sun, the camera must either have had

Photo by John H. Coath.

A Refreshing Draught.

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Photo by W. & D. Downey.

IDLENESS.

Google

tele-photo lens or have been capable of very long extension.

It has to be remembered that the image of the sun measures, approximately, one-tenth of an inch for every ten inches of focus. This obviously precludes the use of a hand-camera. Yet I'll be bound that heaps of people attempted direct snapshots of the actual eclipse. A far better and more profitable subject would have been the surrounding country at fixed intervals with a shutter working at the same speed. These pictures would have been extremely interesting as showing the progress of the eclipse and the changing of the light.

Photo by C. F. Inston.

The Ferry.

View Finders. I mentioned last month when referring to the little Brownie camera, that, in my humble opinion, the absence of a view-finder was a serious drawback.

Photo by Worthing Portrait Co.

A Shower.

There are, I believe, some people who disbelieve in finders and actually work without them. I must confess I see no argument in favour of depriving oneself of a possible advantage, seeing that a finder is in itself quite innocent of any effect upon the actual picture and therefore does no harm.

However each one to his taste. But there is this to be said about a finder, that in exact proportion to the reliance one places upon it, it should be truly reliable. In an expensive camera the finder is, as a general if not invariable rule, accurate. But in the very cheap cameras one can scarcely expect perfect accuracy in every detail. It is very advisable therefore to determine exactly how far a mistake in the sighting of a picture is attributable to want of one's own skill, or to lack of accuracy on the part of the finder.

In practice an amateur takes a snapshot, and if he is somewhat disappointed at finding the object which he had intended to be in the centre of the picture away towards one side, he is quite willing to believe that the fault is entirely his own. Though

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Phot by Madame Lallie Charles.

POSING FOR HER PICTURE.

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Photo by John H. Coath.

Stand at Ease.

bad workmen complain of their tools, the amateur photographer is sufficiently alive to his inexperience and want of skill to assume that his camera, which sometimes gives most excellent results, is incapable of playing him false. And yet all the while it may be.

How to Check the Accuracy of a Finder.

It may be of some use to my readers to give them a hint as to how they may easily determine for themselves the accuracy of the view finders on their cameras.

Take your camera and set it up on a table or window-ledge or some fixed place whence you can get a satisfactory picture. With a piece of chalk or pencil mark out on the base the exact position of the camera, so that you can replace it with perfect accuracy.

Now take your picture, and go off and develop it. When you have fixed your plate or, if you prefer it, have printed a copy, compare the picture with the picture in your finder as shown when you replace the camera on the marked base.

You may find—you very probably will find—that more of the image is given in the finder than on the plate. The best thing to do is to paint out on the finder the superfluous amount of picture which you now know will not be included on any plate you might expose.

If, on the other hand, there is more picture on the plate than in the finder, you are, as it were, so much to the good. But in either case you must watch particularly to see that the central object of the finder is also the central object of the plate. By turning the camera over on to its side you can check the second finder.

Foreign Snapshots.

Quite a new field has been opened in the last few years to the amateur photographer who lives in or near London. There is always a fascination about obtaining snapshots in a foreign country which does not apply to home pictures, and the single day trips of the Palace Steamer *La Marguerite* have placed Boulogne and Ostend within easy reach of everyone. The number of snapshots taken on these journeys which I receive show how popular the trips are with amateur photographers.

Outside the offices of the Royal Magazine on Mafeking Day, when 30,000 Union Jacks were distributed free amongst the crowd.

From a Photo.

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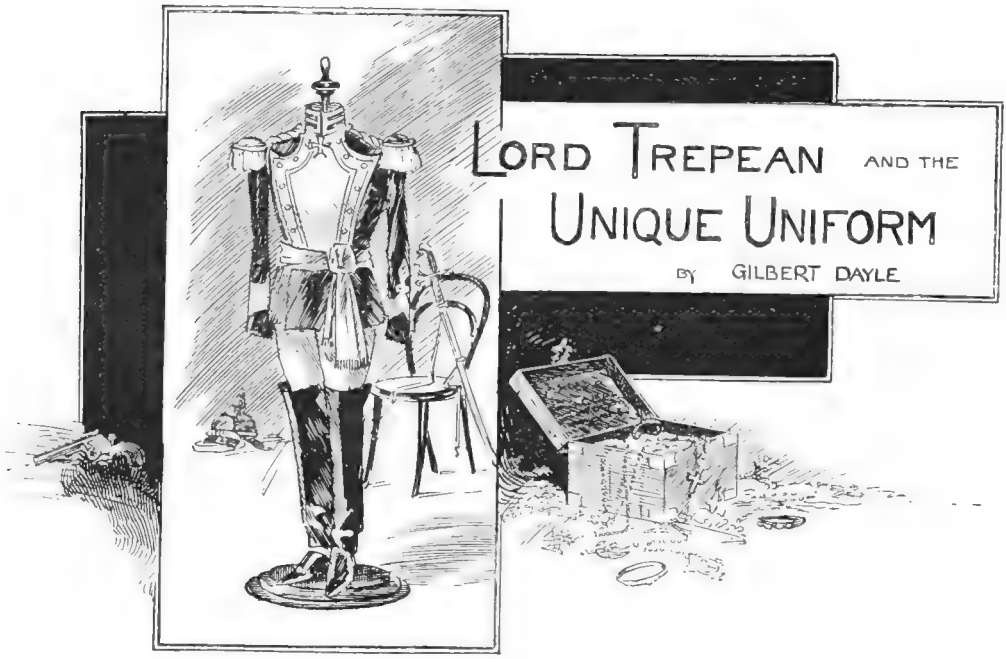

LORD TREPEAN AND THE UNIQUE UNIFORM

BY GILBERT DAYLE

HALF-PAST eleven had just struck, and carriages were rapidly rolling up to the great entrance of Northland House. The night was cold, and the air slightly foggy, but a fair-sized crowd stood shivering by the sides of the awning, intent on watching the arrivals. These were more interesting than usual, for the Duchess of Northland was giving a huge fancy dress ball, and the onlookers caught glimpses of costumes rarely seen outside the region of comic opera. On the edge of the pavement, with a watchful eye on the burly policeman in superintendence, stood an under-sized, mean-looking man of foreign appearance. The end of a cigarette stuck in the corner of his mouth, his shabby great coat buttoned up close under the chin and his hands thrust deep into his pockets, he lingered on in the cold. For a moment there was a cessation in the stream of carriages, then a private hansom dashed up to the entrance. In it was a tall, broad-shouldered man enveloped in a long cloak. He swung out of the cab, and the folds flying open revealed a gorgeous uniform. He stopped for a moment to give some instructions to his coachman. The little man on the curb glanced at the uniform casually, then suddenly gave a start of surprise. He edged a trifle nearer, his eyes drinking in every detail of the costume. The next moment the other turned and passed under the awning. The little man watched his figure until it disappeared, then, moving into the road, he broke into a shuffling little run and vanished.

The great ball-room at Northland House presented a magnificent sight as Lord Alec Trepean entered it. Every conceivable kind of fancy dress was in evidence, and the brilliant shifting colours formed a glittering scene of delight to the eye. Lord Alec, in the uniform that had attracted such close attention from the shivering little wretch outside, looked wonderfully handsome. He was tall, had good features, and wore a moustache. He strolled about chatting with various acquaintances and filling his programme. Presently, after the music was in full swing, he went in search of somebody with whom he had a standing engagement for certain dances. He found her, a pretty-looking girl of about three-and-twenty. Her dress was daintily simple, she wore no jewels, and her hair was done in a quaint, old-fashioned style. Lord Alec stood in front, and contemplated her gravely.

"Well?" she said, with a little smile.

"Ravishing!" he answered, "And the brilliant personality of Lady Edna Ashdale is hidden beneath the disguise of ——?" he paused inquiringly.

"Netta—the flower girl of Somewhere," she replied, with a laugh.

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He offered his arm.

"Obviously you would be more at home in the conservatory!" said he.

She laughed again, and allowed him to conduct her to a seat in the Northland conservatory.

"'Pon my word!" he remarked, as he settled himself comfortably, "you don't appear to be much cast down by your terrible loss!"

"I haven't quite realised that they're gone!"

"I was thunderstruck," continued Lord Alec, "when I opened the papers last evening and saw in big type, "Theft of the Darbrook Jewels — Thirty Thousand Pounds worth Missing." I gathered that the Earl had brought the casket from the bank at midday, and that during the afternoon it mysteriously disappeared. Is that so?"

"Yes," she said, a trifle wearily, "that is quite right. Father's movements were evidently watched, and the whole thing planned. How the casket was actually taken from the house nobody can hazard even a guess. The place is overrun with detectives, everybody has been cross-examined, and the matter talked over and over, until I am heartily tired of it!"

"Tired!" he echoed, "you're surely not going to dismiss such an event from your mind for ever! Why, to some women it would mean a dozen wrinkles!"

He looked down on her fresh young face. She laughed quite happily.

"Somehow," she said, "I am convinced we shall get them back. The police are so clever nowadays, you know."

He looked a little dubious.

"Well, they tell us so in the story books! Anyhow, we'll hope they will prove to be amazingly brilliant in this case. By the way," he added, "you're quite the most talked-of woman in London today. One of the evening papers published an execrable portrait of you, and said——"

"I know," she interrupted . . . "Please, Alec, let's change the subject," she went on pleadingly; "everybody has talked of nothing else this evening, and there are so many more cheerful topics!"

She glanced at his uniform.

"I have been wondering what character you represent. It looks perfectly lovely, you know."

"I'm a comic-operatic captain in an appropriate comic opera uniform."

His eyes travelled over her dress.

"And you, you're Netta, the flower girl—comic opera, too!" he cried, an idea striking him. "Oh, we must keep it up!"

"Keep what up, please?" she said wonderingly.

"The opera, of course!" he exclaimed. "Don't you see? The little flower girl always has a soldier lover who sings duets with her, and marries her in the end."

"But there's generally a rival."

"Yes, we must have a rival," he said thoughtfully; "oh, where's the dear Count? He will do splendidly. Count Philip Telzin, of the raven hair and wicked eye. What has become of him?"

"He wrote to father saying that he was called away for a day or two."

"Suppose," he went on, "suppose we be original, and not have a rival after all?"

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"Ah, but he hasn't gone—I remember now!" exclaimed Lord Alec; "I met Wilder this morning, and he told me that the Count had sprained his ankle just as he was setting out, and has to lay up for a little while at his hotel. That's a pity, for he would have made a realistic rival. Suppose," he went on with a glance at her, "suppose we be original, and do not have a rival at all?"

"Not just yet, dear old boy!" she said softly. "You know the soldier captain always has to do something to prove his love."

"In these prosaic days!" he exclaimed. "My dearest, you are bent upon making me a desperate man. I shall be goaded into doing something useful, or——"

"Perhaps it's that kind of thing I mean!" she said with a little smiling look into his face. "Come," she added, "we are losing the best of the dancing." And slipping her arm within his, they made their way back to the ball room.

It was about four o'clock when Lord Alec, muffled up to the chin in his ulster, emerged from Northland House, conscious of having spent a very good time indeed. His house was only half-a-mile away, and he had told his coachman that he would walk back. He paused to light a cigarette under the awning, then strode off. He had gone but a few yards when he heard a light, shuffling footstep behind him. A moment afterwards, he felt a slight touch on his arm. He swung round on his heel and saw a shabbily dressed little man facing him. He looked at him, and something in the appearance struck him as familiar. Then it occurred to him that he had noticed him standing on the curb as he alighted from his cab at the entrance to Northland House.

"Well?" he asked.

The man held a tiny twist of paper out to him.

"For you!" he said briefly, in a guttural tone.

"You are making no mistake?" said Lord Alec in surprise. "You know my name?"

A grin spread over the man's face.

"There is no mistake," he replied, "you are he to whom the note is addressed."

Lord Alec took the note, and stepping under a gas lamp, unfolded it. There were a few roughly scrawled words in pencil.

"If you are the wise and clever man I take you to be," he read out, "you will grant the writer of this a few minutes' interview. The matter is of the utmost importance to you."

He turned to the little man.

"What on earth is it all about?" he asked. "Of importance to *me*?"

The man glanced round cautiously, then edged a trifle nearer to him.

"The Darbrook jewels are important to you!" he said in a hoarse whisper. Lord Alec gave a start, and laid a hand sharply on his shoulder.

"Well, what about them?"

The man shook himself free of his grip.

"I am only a messenger," he said sullenly. "Will you come? It is not far, and we can walk it in half-an-hour."

Lord Alec reflected. It was altogether so strange, the meeting, the note, and its request. There was a touch of adventure about the thing which was not unpleasant to him. And it related to the Darbrook jewels—to Edna! He made up his mind.

"I'll come!" he said quickly, "and on the way, my mysterious friend, you shall give me a few further particulars."

The man shook his head.

"I'm only a messenger!" he repeated. "But you'll come—that is good and enough. Follow me!"

He immediately set out at a shuffling pace, and Lord Alec, having determined to see the thing out, plunged his hands into his pockets and followed him. It was still foggy and the air was bitterly raw. The man led the way through bye streets, keeping a trifle ahead, apparently with the object of preventing conversation. After the first few streets, Lord Alec gave up attempting to grasp the route he was following. The houses gradually grew smaller. He knew from the general direction that they were near Westminster, if not actually in it. At last the man stopped before a dismal-looking house in a narrow street.

"This is the place!" he announced, and producing a latchkey, opened the door. Lord Alec followed him in. The man took up a cheap oil lamp that stood on a chair in the passage, and beckoning to Lord Alec, led the way up the staircase on tiptoe. Up several flights of dark, steep stairs they went until at length they reached the top floor. Here the man paused before a door and knocked on the panel with his knuckles. There was the sound of a heavy step, and the next moment the door was flung open and a flood of light revealed the room to Lord Alec's gaze. To his relief, the man who was now standing on the threshold appeared to be the only occupant. He was a slightly-built individual of medium height, dark-haired, and of foreign appearance.

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"Ah, you have come, *mon ami!*" he exclaimed. "I thought you would not be so silly as to refuse. Pray accept what little hospitality we have to offer you."

Lord Alec entered and glanced curiously round. It was merely the ordinary, poorly furnished room of the cheap lodging-house. There was no fire, the room being warmed by a large oil stove standing in the centre.

His host had thrown himself on a seat at the further end of the room, and was complacently engaged in rolling a cigarette. This being concluded, he lighted it and smiled at his visitor.

"Possibly you have never seen me before —nor even heard of me. My name is Bela Kossein."

"I have not had the honour," returned Lord Alec, "and I can't say that I regret it.

The man laughed pleasantly.

"It is of no consequence," he replied; "the point is that I know you—and a great deal concerning you into the bargain."

"Might I suggest the possibility of a mistake?"

The room was hot with the fumes from the oil stove, and Lord Alec had been unbuttoning his ulster. He flung it open and the uniform met Mr. Kossein's gaze.

"Ah, beautiful!" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands together, "I have not looked upon it for four—no, it must be six years! *Mon Dieu*, how the time flies when one is profitably engaged!" He stood up and contemplated Lord Alec rather closely. "No, there is no mistake, my friend. You have shaved your beard off, but you are still the man. And besides — the uniform!" He rubbed his hands again, "I have always said that no army in the world can boast a prettier or more handsome one!"

Lord Alec was now certain that he was being mistaken for someone else, and in some strange manner the uniform appeared to be mainly responsible for it. Obviously the best thing to do was to continue the deception.

"Come," he said sharply, "what is the business you want with me? I have no time to spare."

Mr. Bela Kossein settled himself comfortably in his chair.

"Ah, the business!—that is good!" he said, puffing at his cigarette. Then his eye rested on the uniform again and he broke into a prolonged chuckle.

"But the impudence of it all, it is magnificent!" he exclaimed with a laugh. "You, the black sheep of your family, whose offences were so great that you were publicly degraded from your Captaincy in the Malegrian Army, to be here in England, mixing with the best society, and actually appearing at a fancy dress ball in one of your old uniforms!"

Lord Alec listened with interest to these details of his life. He knew Malegra as a small principality tucked away in a corner of Europe, and practically unknown to most people.

"It would seem almost incredible!" he said sardonically.

"And I remember seeing you in the old

Admitz came sprawling at his feet . . . He had tripped over the oil stove, and a flame suddenly shot out all over the floor.

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days at the head of your company. I did not know you, but, from the tales I heard, I used to wonder which was the greater blackguard, you or *I*?"

"Have you come to any definite decision on this interesting point?"

Mr. Kossein began to roll another cigarette.

"Not quite," he said, "but you have proved yourself the sharper in this particular instance, for you did in a moment what I have been planning to accomplish during the last six months. I put a spy in the house, arranged everything, and was only waiting the opportunity. It came and I was ready, but only to find that you had forestalled us by a quarter of an hour!" Mr. Kossein shot a glance of admiration at his visitor. "And I admit that you planned it out very creditably! A friend of the family, you gave out beforehand that you were called away for a few days. A little trip to Amsterdam, eh? Excellent! But now, having carried off everything in an admirable manner, you make your false step. You suddenly change your plans, and do not go. *Ma foi*, I do not follow you!"

"I had my reasons!" said Lord Alec shortly. He was trying to play his part well.

Mr. Kossein shrugged his shoulders.

"They were foolish ones, for had you gone straight to Amsterdam I should not have had the chance of soothing my wounded vanity. You go to the ball, and my good friend Admitz," he indicated the little man, "chancing to be outside, recognised the Malegrian uniform. He raced back to me, and I, putting two and two together, and knowing that you could be the only one to possess such a costume, rightly concluded that you had changed your mind about getting away with the jewels. So I sent the note."

"And having got me here, what do you want?" Lord Alec demanded.

Mr. Kossein lighted his second cigarette.

"We will say that you still have the Darbrook jewels in your possession," he said "My idea is that you give me the famous necklace as some compensation for upsetting my plans."

"And if I refuse?"

"Then," said Mr. Kossein calmly, "you will promptly receive a visit from a police officer, who will arrest you 'on information received'—from where, not stated."

"You infernal scoundrel!" cried Lord Alec, but Mr. Kossein only smiled complacently.

"By the way," said Lord Alec, an idea striking him, "who is the spy you placed in Earl Darbrook's house?"

"A most accomplished young gentleman," replied Mr. Kossein with a laugh; "I have communicated with him, and am expecting him every minute. He goes by the name of François Gaulet."

"Oh, the valet!"

"Yes," said Mr. Kossein with a nod; "I think I hear him now. Open the door, Admitz!"

The little man did as he was bid and listened. There was the sound of a light footstep ascending the stairs. Lord Alec looked round the room quickly for some weapon. The valet would recognise him immediately. He turned round with his back to the door so that Gaulet would not see him until he was well in the room. His eye fell on a deal chair. It was the only thing within reach.

The valet had got to the last flight of stairs. Mr. Kossein rose lazily from his seat and went to meet him.

"Ah, my dear François!" he cried, "you got my note? Our visitor has come and we are arranging matters nicely."

Lord Alec did not move. He heard the men enter the room. They were approaching him from behind. He edged towards the chair and laid a hand on the back. Then he turned slowly round and met the valet's gaze.

"You fool, Bela!" the man gasped, falling back a step in astonishment, "that is not he! That is Lord Alec Trepean! You have ruined us!"

Kossein's face underwent a quick change. The smiling look vanished and his eyes glittered in a determined fashion. His hand moved stealthily towards a back pocket.

"Out of the way!" cried Lord Alec, suddenly swinging the chair above his head. The three stood for a moment, their eyes fixed on him. Then Kossein uttered two or three thick guttural words in a tongue Lord Alec did not recognise. The next second they rushed at him. He dodged nimbly aside, and little Admitz came sprawling at his feet. He had tripped over the oil stove. Kossein made a quick dash at it, but it was too late, for a flame of fire suddenly shot out over the floor. Indescribable confusion followed, and Lord Alec, seeing his opportunity, dropped the chair, made a bolt for the door and went stumbling down the staircase, three steps at a time. He gained the door, and finding the latch managed to open it. The next moment he was in the foggy street again, and gave a gasp of relief.

He hurried away, and presently met a

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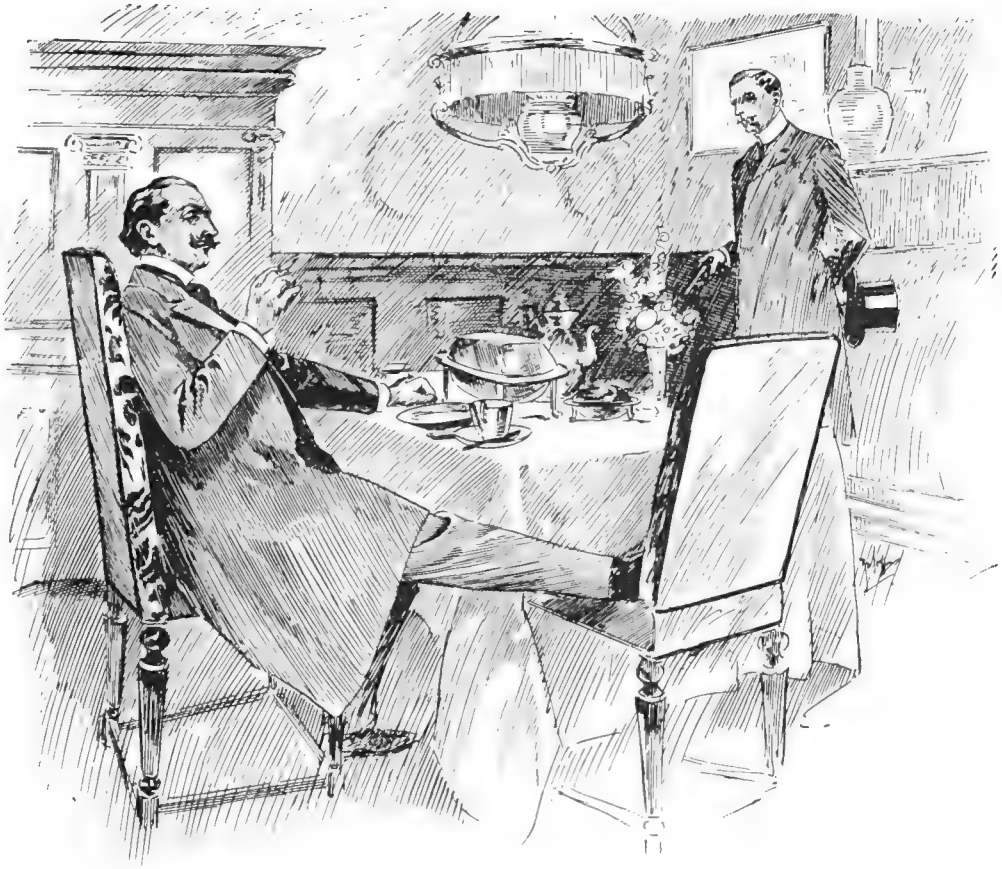

"You have fifteen seconds more," said Lord Trepean, and moved leisurely towards the bell button.

policeman, who told him he was near Victoria, and directed him. A few minutes later he was sitting in a cab and being driven towards his own house. As he alighted he heard a clock strike six. He entered the house, and going straight to his bedroom, proceeded to divest himself of the uniform and don clothes which, if not so brilliant, were at least more convenient from the average man's point of view.

"Extraordinary that the costumier should have exactly copied the Malegrian uniform!" he reflected. "Suppose he must have had a design of it, and thought it would save him taxing his powers of invention."

In the cab he had been piecing together the information which Kossein had inadvertently given him, and he was now tolerably certain as to the identity of the real thief. He paced the room thinking out his course of action.

"Yes," he exclaimed at length, "that's the way! It will conclude the adventure in a more fitting manner. I'll do the thing single-handed."

He walked across the room, and pulling a drawer out, produced a small revolver.

At nine o'clock he issued forth from his house, and, engaging a cab, drove to the Grandley Hotel. He sent up a message to Count Philip Telzin asking if he would favour him with a few minutes' interview. The Count was at breakfast, but would be delighted if Lord Trepean would join him.

Lord Alec found him sitting at table, with one leg resting upon a chair, and a stick beside him.

"Pray excuse my rising, my dear Trepean," he said, "I've had the misfortune to twist my ankle, and am obliged to lay up. Will you have some breakfast?"

"Thank you, no," returned Lord Alec, glancing at him curiously.

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The Count laid down a book he had in his hand.

"A dry thing!" he remarked with a smile. "By the way, will you have a cigarette?"

Lord Alec shook his head.

"This slight accident," continued the Count, indicating his foot, "is extremely annoying, for I had arranged to take a little trip on important business to ——"

"Amsterdam?" queried Lord Alec coolly.

The Count shot a quick look at him.

"My dear Trepean," he said mildly, "why Amsterdam, of all unlikely places on this earth?"

Lord Alec was standing at the opposite end of the table. He slipped one hand into his pocket.

"Because," he said slowly, "it happens to be the easiest place in the world in which to dispose of stolen diamonds!"

The Count laughed.

"I confess I don't follow you, my dear Trepean. You are too extraordinary!"

Lord Alec folded his arms. The Count noticed something shining half concealed in the palm of one hand.

"I may appear so," continued Lord Alec calmly; "but I will endeavour to make myself clear. I have certain information that leads me to think that you stole the casket containing the famous Darbrook jewels. Unfortunately, you sprained your ankle an hour or so after you accomplished the theft, and consequently were unable to get away."

"What nonsense is all this, Lord Trepean?" broke in the Count impatiently.

"And the jewels are still in your possession, for it is unlikely that you have a confederate." Lord Alec pulled out his watch.

"Now," he said, "I will give you two minutes to decide on your course. Either you hand the casket back to me, or I shall press the bell button, summon a policeman, and have you arrested. I may mention that I am better acquainted with your past than you may suppose. To begin with, I believe you state Germany to be your land of birth, when you know that the honour belongs to Malegra, which country, by the way, seems to have been somewhat unappreciative of your merits."

The Count had been smiling at the beginning of this speech. Gradually, however, the smile faded away, and a look of rage took its place.

"I have not got them," he said sullenly.

Lord Alec merely glanced at his watch.

"One minute has passed," he announced.

The Count did not speak. His eyes were shifting about in ill-concealed fury. Lord Alec opened his hand and allowed his pistol to be more plainly revealed.

"You have fifteen seconds more!" he said, and moved leisurely towards the bell button. Then suddenly the Count burst into a short laugh.

"I give in!" he cried. He felt in his pocket, and producing a key, tossed it on the table.

"The first drawer in that cabinet," he said, indicating a piece of furniture on the other side of the room.

"You will at least satisfy my curiosity?" remarked the Count, "as I've not the ghost of an idea as to how you managed it. You must either be very clever or very lucky!"

"I should say luck!" returned Lord Alec as he unlocked the drawer; "you see, a Unique Uniform had a good deal to do with it."

* * * * *

Later in the morning, he was interviewing Lady Edna. He had brought a brown paper parcel with him into the room.

"What energy," she exclaimed. "I thought you would not be up for another hour!"

He was standing in front of her.

"My dear Edna, that is nothing. I've been up all night, and I really think I've done it, you know!"

"What?" she asked with a smile.

"The comic opera!" he cried excitedly. "Got through the second act, routed the rival, and done something for the girl I love. Look!"

She gazed at him wonderingly, as he quickly cut the string of the parcel and tore off the paper cover.

"The jewels!" she gasped in astonishment. He nodded.

"But ——?" she turned to him inquiringly. He gave her a brief outline of his adventures since they last met.

"So you have only one course open!" he said at the conclusion. "When some heroines marry the lover who has risked his life to pick them a flower, I don't see how you can very well refuse when it's a matter of the Darbrook jewels!"

He was watching her intently. She broke into a little laugh, and raised her eyes smilingly to his. He took a step forward and caught her in his arms.

"A good curtain to 'Lord Trepean and the Unique Uniform'!" he whispered.

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Royal Children and their Toys

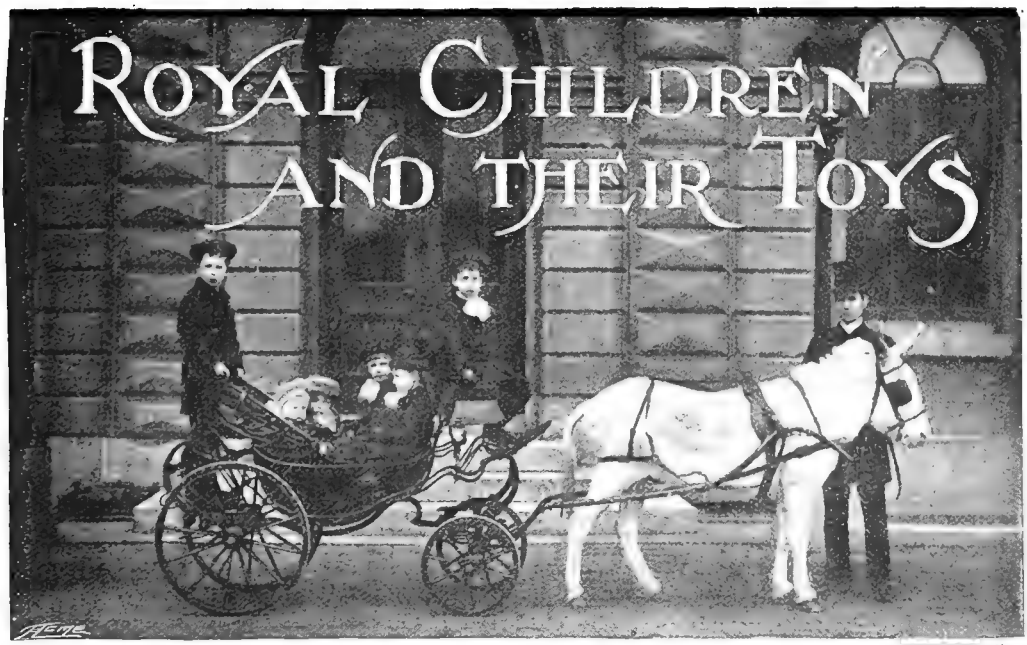

Photo by Hughes & Mullins.

Children of the Duke of Edinburgh and Duke of Connaught in a toy carriage.

By F. Nevill Jackson.

The child being father to the man, it is interesting to know the likes and dislikes, and the influences which are creating the minds and wills of the future men and women who will occupy the thrones of Europe, or stand close beside them. It may be said that toys are such unimportant matters that they are unworthy of the attention of the student of life and times; but to the little people chiefly concerned they are very important. Who would underrate the influence of the military surroundings and military toys provided from earliest childhood by the Kaiser for the Crown Prince of Prussia, in assisting the military training which has now begun in earnest? In the nursery he drilled his five brothers and baby sister with the severity of a martinet; though it is said that in disposition he resembles his gentle mother rather than his imperious father. On his tenth birthday he became a real soldier, being made a lieutenant in his father's Grenadier Regiment. The toy guns and miniature swords had well prepared him for the important moment when the regiment was drawn up in a hollow square in the Lustgarten. 'Kronprinz Frederich Wilhelm,' as he is called by his teachers and school-fellows, walked on to the parade-ground with the Kaiser, surrounded by all the Princes of the Imperial family. The Kaiser made a speech in which he dwelt on the importance of the discipline

Photo Frith & Co.

The nursery at Kensington Palace where Queen Victoria played as a child.

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Prince Edward of York and his favourite flag.

Prince Edward is also fond of picture books.

Photos by W. & D. Downey.

This is a favourite toy of little Prince Albert of York, who bids fair to become a lover of horse-flesh.

second, to make them as English as possible, so far as regards sport, games, and all manner of athletic exercises. Notice the tennis costume—English, and yet somehow one can see that the wearers are not of our nationality.

Prince Eitel Fritz has been provided with toy ships, anchors, compasses, and when tired of such costly toys, passed many a happy half-hour with a piece of string in which such intricate knots were tied as would have puzzled Captain Kettle himself, who, we feel sure, was a past master in the art of rope knotting and splicing. Such were the toys meant to encourage the love for the naval career for which the lad is destined.

Very curious is our photo of that other lord of great armies, the Czar of all the Russias, when a little boy. His costume is that of a sailor, but observe the drum in the background. No less than the Kaiser's children, those of the Russian Imperial family

of the army; the young Prince then advanced with drawn sword, presented himself to the captain of the company, Von Plushow. In the march past that followed, some laughed to see the eager little boy running along to keep up with the huge strides of the big Grenadiers; others thought the sight somewhat pathetic. When the march past was over the young Prince was presented to the other officers as a young comrade; and he went back to his royal home in proud possession of a real sword. Such were the playfellows and the toys of Prince Wilhelm when he was ten years old.

There is a photo in this article showing the young Hohenzollerns after a game of tennis. To play tennis is not exactly to play with toys, but we give the photograph as it illustrates a distinct feature in the education of the Kaiser's family. His first idea is to make good soldiers and sailors out of his children, his

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undergo a military education, and are from earliest years familiarised, through the medium of toys and picture-books, with the working of guns, the uniforms of various regiments, and the military history of their country. The little Czar does not look very happy; one is almost tempted to think that even at the early age when the photograph was taken, he felt a secret disgust of things military—vague foreshadowings, perhaps, of his famous disarmament project.

Photo by Hughes & Mullins.

Prince Arthur of Connaught in the toy uniform he wore at Princess Beatrice's wedding.

Our own Royal children are given toy guns and soldiers, flags, drums, and uniforms for the sake of keeping them amused, and for no other reason. We in England are happily not yet such slaves of the sword as to be under the necessity of training our children, whether royal or otherwise, from birth upwards to regard the military profession as the one profession worthy of a man. However, our young princes take quite as much delight in sham armies and battles as their Continental cousins. Little Prince Edward, especially, is great on flags and sabres. He delights in marching gravely about, the flag over his shoulder, the sabre dangling at his side, and every now and again stopping to shout "Hurrah!" as he heard the people shout after the relief of Mafeking.

The German method of toy distribution at Christmas-time has always been adopted by our own Queen, and during the life of Prince Consort the trees in the Royal household were always three in number. One which was placed in the Queen's rooms was decorated with all the gifts presented by the Queen to her husband and her children. A second tree held the toys and trifles given by the children to each other and to their parents; and the third tree, which was the largest, was always placed in the White Drawing-room; upon it and round it were piled the presents given by the Queen and the Prince to the members of the household. This was in the days when high festival was held at Windsor Castle, now there are but two trees when Christmas is celebrated at Osborne, for Christmas has never been kept at Windsor since Prince Consort's death. Princess Beatrice is busy with the preparations from the first day of the arrival of the Court at Osborne, which generally takes place about the 16th or 17th of December. It is she who superintends the dressing of the trees with her own hands, and always assists in distributing the toys to the happy recipients.

The old custom of clearing out from nursery cupboards and drawers many of the toys of the past year before Father Christmas unloads his sack of new treasures still obtains in the Royal nurseries of the present generation; and many a hospital ward is brightened, and little sufferers forget for a moment their aches and pains as they play with the toys the chubby fingers of Royal babies have last caressed. This kindly plan might well be emulated by other little people who are lucky enough to have new toys

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long before the old ones are worn out.

It is an interesting fact that during the Christmas and New Year's holidays at Osborne, the old toys which once belonged to the Queen's children are brought down from those top shelves to which they were relegated long ago, and for as long as the holidays last the children of the younger generation are allowed to play with them. This is an anxious time for the nurses, for they are held responsible for the safety of the relics, and extreme care is taken in order to preserve the old toys; for the Queen is very fond of them, remembers each one, and asks for any which may not happen to appear. There is a fortress, which was an especial favourite with the Prince of Wales; it has been played with during the Christmas holidays many a time by the late Duke of Clarence and the Duke of York when they were boys, and is now looked at with intense interest by the baby blue eyes of the Duke of York's children. The little brass guns of this fortress were mounted in their present position by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, now a grandfather himself, whose clever, eager fingers were always apt at delicate work, from the driving of a screw to the wielding of a violin bow. Some of the mechanical animals, which were much rarer toys in the fifties than they are now, can still be made to work, and the little fat hands are clapped with joy in the Osborne nursery to-day when a woolly dog ambles along the floor with ungainly leaps, and the skin elephant moves his trunk up and down, while the mouth opens and shuts. These give as keen a sense of delight to the third or fourth generation as they did to the little ones in the Windsor nursery long ago. There is a certain bagatelle board which the Queen's sons played with; it is often brought out for the children in the Christmas holidays.

Photo by Byrne & Co.

Princess Julie of Battenberg on her toy horse.

Photo by Russell & Sons.

The Czar of Russia in 1879.

To go further back still into the past, mention must certainly be made of the hundred and thirty-two dolls belonging to the Queen. These dolls are still preserved, together with a record of them found in a copy-book yellow with age. On the inside of the cover is written in the clear text hand of childhood,

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"List of my dolls," showing that little Princess Victoria was methodical in the care of her toys, for entries follow in which the name of the doll is given, by whom it was dressed, and the character it represents. The Queen herself dressed no fewer than thirty-two dolls, which, being all of the rag description, would be looked upon with contempt by the little misses of the present day, whose dolls are frequently made and dressed in Paris. Blots of red paint, unmistakeably from the Royal nursery paint-boxes, adorn the cheeks of some of the Court beauties, and it is noteworthy that the people of the great outside world were used as models by the little girl for her dolls. If any Court lady dressed in the extreme of the fashion of the period she was at once noted by Her Majesty's quick eye, and a place was found for her in the collection; her dress being copied to a nicety, for the Queen was an expert needlewoman. Her Majesty was not one of those who soon outgrow dolls, she was devoted to them and played with them until she was fourteen years old—always loving the small ones best. The small wooden Dutch dolls which can be bought for a penny were largely used in her historical collection. The doll's house which now stands in the Osborne nurseries for the use of the children of Princess Beatrice is a much grander affair than that which was the toy of the lonely little girl in Kensington Palace; but that is of no consequence, for the charm of a toy is, that its relative beauty and grandeur has nothing to do with the charm it exercises in the mind of its possessor; there is not the slightest doubt about this; as much happiness (perhaps more) was obtained by the past generation of children out of their simple toys as is got out of the elaborately dressed dolls and intricate mechanical toys which fill the nurseries of the present day.

Princess Alice of Albany and her doll.

The most popular toy with grown up people as with children, with Royal children as with ordinary children, is undeniably the bicycle. We pity people who lived in the days when bicycles were a rarity—indeed, it is almost impossible to imagine so primitive an age. Most of our children have these wonderful toys, and it may be safely affirmed that there is not a single Royal child, provided that the child is old enough to take care of itself, who is not the happy possessor of a bicycle or tricycle. I know for a certainty that the Emperor of Germany's children may be seen almost every

Photos by Hughes & Mullins.

Princess Margaret of Connaught with her doll.

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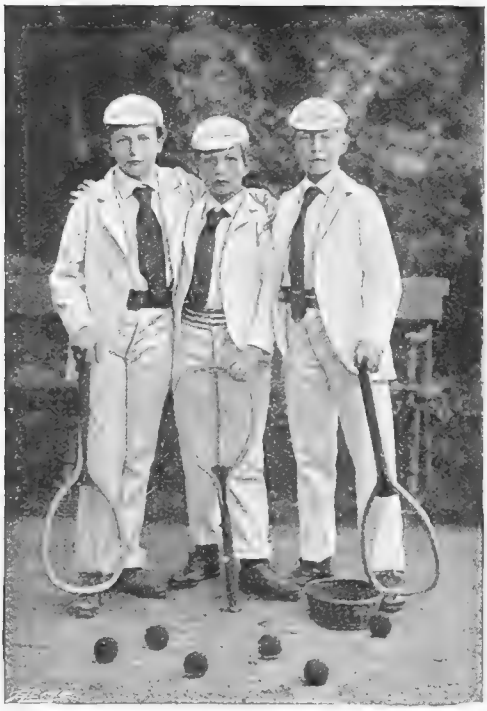

Photo by Cassel.

The three eldest sons of the German Emperor have always been very fond of lawn tennis.

day cycling furiously about the grounds of Potsdam. They are great at cycling, as at all other sports. But it is extremely likely that these young people will have to content themselves with walking and riding in the near future. The Kaiser, it is said, has been converted by the anticyclists to the preposterous theory that bicycling is unhealthy, and all that relates in any way to the health is of extreme importance to His Majesty. A charming photograph accompanying this article shows the Ladies Duff mounted on their tricycles. They are very independent children, and are allowed to ride long distances without any escort.

The nurseries at Osborne are large rooms, comfortably and simply furnished; their outlook is across the Solent, and splendid views of the beautiful Osborne gardens are obtained. The papering is white, with large bouquets of rosebuds; the floor is carpeted all over; a paper scrap screen stands on one side of the fireplace. Flowered chintz is the covering of

Photo by Russell & Sons.

Princess Henry of Battenberg and her family.

Photo by Hughes & Mullins.

Princess Ena of Battenberg is fond of reading.

the chairs; skin horses, cows, bears, a pump—that joy of every child's heart—and a few mechanical toys placed out of reach of little fingers, for these are always displayed by the nurses, as they are much used and well-beloved. We must not omit to mention another Royal playroom, namely, the private sitting-

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Photo by Byrne & Co.

The Duke of Albany and Princess Alice of Albany as little children were inseparable playmates.

room of Her Majesty the Queen; for here, early in the morning, before State papers have to be looked at, or at that cosy hour of dusk, which is essentially the children's hour, the floor of the Queen's sitting-room is often littered with toy dolls, picture-books, and treasured headless pets; for Her Majesty loves to hear the echo of pattering feet and the sound of children's voices in laughter and play.

Perhaps of all the branches of the English Royal Family, the Battenberg is the most unassuming in its manners, and the simplest in its way of living. The children of very many commoners' families are brought up with infinitely more state than the Battenbergs, and in luxury that would open the eyes of these princes and princessses. Rare and valuable toys were never seen in the Battenberg nursery; the children have to content themselves with plain story-books, scrap-books, gardening utensils, cheap dolls, and such toys as all of us played with when we were young.

The favourite toys of the little Queen of Holland were always the dainty gardening implements with which she worked for an hour every day when at Het Loo, her simple home near the Hague. The love of things horticultural is almost a natural instinct with the Dutch, the nation of gardeners, and the tiny beds in the piece of ground set apart as the miniature real garden were raked, hoed, and planted by little Queen Wilhelmina herself, unassisted except in the heavier work of digging.

Military toys and military drill have always been the delight of the little King of Spain. When he was seven years old the Royal corps was recruited with the sons of the Duke of Sotomayor, the Countess of Sartago, and the son of General Aquitte de Tejada. A special uniform was made, similiar to

Photo by Hughes & Mullins.

Prince Alexander of Battenberg with his wheelbarrow.

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Photo by W. & D. Downey.

The Ladies Duff (daughters of H.R.H. the Duchess of Fife) are ardent cyclists.

that of the Infantry Cadets, and the joy of the boys when first this real play soldiering was commenced can be imagined. The drilling was, of course, done in strict privacy, at the royal estate of the Casa de Campo, about ten minutes' walk from the Palace. The drilling, which was directed by one of the military tutors of Alfonzo XIII., was correct in every detail, and the lessons acquired unconsciously in play will stand the lads in good stead later on.

The Duchess of Albany has always had the strictest ideas with regard to toys for her children, and has specially directed their minds towards the animal world in choosing their playthings and playfellows. Christmas was a busy time at Claremont, as doubtless it will be in their new home. The pleasure in the toys given away to the children on the estate was always much enhanced by the fact that they were presented by the Duchess of Albany or by the young Duke. Strange to say, the latter's sister takes more pleasure in her pony than she ever did in her dolls.

A very amusing photograph is that of Prince Arthur of Connaught, in the toy uniform of a grenadier. It was thus he appeared at Princess Beatrice's wedding. The solemn, almost stern, expression on his fat little face is delightful. He fully appreciates the dignity his uniform imparts.

In the last photograph illustrating this article little Prince Edward of York is to be seen holding the donkey quiet while the photographer takes an impression of the little toy chaise and its occupants. The photograph gives one the idea that Prince Edward is in charge. It goes without saying, however, that there is invariably a groom in attendance, as in the photograph that heads this article. Donkeys occasionally lose their tempers, and then even so puissant an individual as our future Sovereign might find it beyond his power to keep them from doing mischief.

Photo by F. Ralph.

The children of their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of York and the Duchess of Fife.

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By Jessie E. Livesey,

Author of "The Jabberwock," "A Rogue in Porcelaine," etc.

I.

"Now, Mr. Hammersley, I'm sure you can't refuse to help me," said Lady Cashel. And he knew that she had spoken truly; for the sake of their old friendship, dating from his teens, and because she had still a charming personality, he could not refuse any request she made, while he might regret the weakness which threatened to place him in a difficult position.

"How old is the young scamp now?" he asked looking into her eyes, wonderfully blue behind the fine spotted veil that was drawn over her perfect aquiline features.

She did not change colour, or attempt to prevaricate, as many women, like her, looking ten years younger than their actual age, would have done. She answered him frankly, "Twenty-two.'

"Then he is no longer in leading strings," Hammersley observed sententiously.

"Some men are always in leading strings," suggested Lady Cashel, with a flickering smile, "my son may be one of these."

Silence fell between them for a few moments.

"You can think of no other way out of the difficulty?" he said at length.

"Oh, I can see that you mean to help me, and you are the most likely person, that is why I came to you, seasoned man of the world."

"Forgive me, but I don't quite see," and he laughed constrainedly. "I am rather slow in my methods of thought."

"But that makes you so sure in the result," she declared.

"I would almost rather you had asked anything of me than to interrupt the progress of a young man's love affair," said Philip, half impatient at the unexpected faith which she seemed to repose in him. "If I fail, you will vote me a fool; and, anyway, Reggie will look upon me with unfriendly eyes. Such a nice chap, too."

"Reggie doesn't count. He must be saved."

"For somebody worse, perhaps."

"It couldn't be worse; didn't I tell you the girl was a half-caste Indian?"

"And Reggie picked her up, where she fell—from the skies? He thinks her an angel of course, and I am to attempt to disillusionise him?"

"She is wide awake enough, of that you may be certain," returned the disappointed mother bitterly. "Reggie never comes near Berkeley Square now; and I hear that he has discarded his comfortable chambers in Arlington Street, to go and live at a third-rate boarding-house in Earl's Court, where the girl is staying. Oh! Philip, you will get him out of this scrape, won't you?"

"He shall return to his chambers, and to you," Philip promised rashly, to repent later, when his visitor had left him with only the recollection of her gracious thanks and smile. Lady Cashel had a lovely smile.

Reginald had inherited his mother's good looks, and the greater part of his father's large fortune. Lady Cashel was right, the youngster had a career before him which must not be marred at the outset by an imprudent marriage. So Hammersley, upon reflection, decided to pit his seasoned wits against the boy's hot-headed folly, never doubting the result, for he had a varied experience of women.

He set to work, making his preparations in

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a methodical way, and two hours later found him in possession of a large, airy room on the second floor of the same boarding-house which Lady Cashel had mentioned in no favourable terms as being the present head-quarters of her recalcitrant son, and the scene of the little drama now being enacted.

Hammersley looked round the room; his portmanteau, half unpacked, lay upon the floor, and his critical eyes, glancing off it, rested upon a threadbare patch of carpet. The furniture, there was plenty of it, bore traces of a recent coating of Aspinall, applied by an amateur brush. After all, he thought, one could not expect much for two guineas a week, all told. It was probable that Reggie had secured a room on the first floor, which would command a higher figure and better accommodation. The proprietress had mentioned that all the rooms on the first floor were engaged; for her experienced eye had relegated Hammersley at once to his proper position.

Lady Cashel's luxurious house in Berkeley Square, her son's chambers in Arlington Street, and his own flat in Sloane Square, rose in turn before Philip Hammersley's mental vision as he proceeded to get into his dinner suit. The girl must be quite out of the ordinary to account for such infatuation on Reggie's part, he thought. And when he saw her he acknowledged the fact.

Meeting Hammersley at dinner that night, Reggie seemed to regard his presence as an intrusion.

"You don't spoof me, old chap," he said, later. "The mater has sent you here to look after me."

Philip looked, not at him, but directly past the handsome, boyish profile, answering with all the sternness he could summon at his command:

"You are at liberty to think what you please. My flat is being done up, and I was recommended by a friend to come here, that is all. A boarding-house is open to everybody, you know."

"Worse luck!" groaned Reggie; for, with a lover's unerring instinct, he foresaw a probable rival.

* * * * *

Babul Siris Singh was descended from an ancient line of Asiatic Princes, now almost extinct. She had plenty of money at her command; but for some mysterious reason she would not seek any prominence, preferring to dwell in comparative obscurity in a boarding-house situated in Earl's Court, where she felt safe from observation. So much Hammersley had gathered in a very short space of time from the garrulous, elderly spinster who acted as chaperone to the black beauty. Babul was more reticent, but Philip learned from young Cashel that she had confided something of her fears to him, on the score of a certain gentleman of colour, who might possibly be searching the world over for her. This information had given the necessary fillip to the affair. Reggie was anxious to afford her his protection, for together they might set at nought this impudent nigger who disturbed her peace of mind. But in some respects Babul proved wild and shy; and Reggie's most impassioned entreaties could not prevail upon her to sacrifice her liberty. Thus matters stood when Hammersley made his bow before the curtain.

Babul was an extraordinary woman; at times there was something repellant in her dark, sinuous loveliness; her eyes, long and slanting in thought, or wide open with some bright impulse of speech, seemed always unrivalled to Hammersley; black as rich velvet, and deep as eddying whirlpools, they were unfathomable even to him, so well versed in the language of woman's eyes. Beneath the lower lashes her cheeks rose slightly, full and oval, characteristic of the East; her forehead and nose ran in a straight line, and her lips were a vivid scarlet, curling upwards at the corners, and pouting full; her small chin showed feminine weakness. She was tall, with tapering limbs; slim, but well covered, and possessing no angles; her skin was light brown, the colour of sandal wood. Hammersley had studied every detail, until, like an unwritten lesson, he knew her by heart. But her attractions were innumerable; she spoke English with a charming accent, and she sang and played wild strains of her native music to a curious stringed instrument unknown in this country.

With Reggie she was capricious and hard to please; but in Hammersley she recognised a master spirit, and, womanlike, she exerted all her wiles to enslave him. Reggie was sufficiently tenacious not to allow himself to be beaten off the field; perhaps he guessed that the spring of her affections lay deep and hidden, beyond Hammersley's ken.

And in Berkeley Square Lady Cashel was growing restless and impatient of delay.

II.

For ten days Babul had been confined to her room, a victim to influenza, and during her absence from the circle, for lack of other

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companionship, Reggie had fraternised with Hammersley, who contrived to persuade him in a weak moment, to pay a duty visit to his mother, Lady Cashel.

A cheerful welcome awaited Reggie at Berkeley Square. Lady Cashel was entertaining a house party, and on her son's arrival the fatted calf was killed. Miss O'Brien, a daring red-haired beauty, after Rubens' florid style, and Miss Polly Brooks, a slim sharp-witted American, were the principal attraction, while two old Eton chums of young Cashel's and a bluff General made up the party.

Reggie stayed that night. He spent the following morning in playing "cat's cradle," and "beggar-my-neighbour," with Miss Brooks—the outer elements were very unpromising—and, further, he undertook to accompany her to Prince's skating club in the afternoon. Lady Cashel began to pluck out her fears; she thought perhaps these had been exaggerated, or it was possible that Mr. Hammersley had worked the oracle; at all events, for the present, Reggie seemed to hail diversion, and Lady Cashel judged this to be a healthy sign, the facts of Babul's protracted illness, and the weariness of enforced companionship with Hammersley, being hidden from her.

While Reggie disposed of his time at Prince's club, Hammersley was admitted to the privilege of a *tête-à-tête* with Babul, who had now recovered sufficiently to effect a change of rooms.

He was struck by her altered looks, for the short illness had blighted the brilliance of her flower-like beauty, her delicate features were pinched, her skin was harsh and sallow, and her eyes dull and lacklustre. She wore a purple velvet gown, and the crude colour made her pallor conspicuous. By some strange perversity Hammersley was more attracted by her in her weakness than he had even been before.

She appeared quite indifferent to his presence, and lay back in her chair gazing into the fire which burned brightly in the grate. Gusts of wind shook the windows, dashing the rain against its square panes, then screeched aloft among the chimney tops, dying away in a comfortable spell of silence.

Babul shivered. "Oh, this dreadful climate of yours?" she exclaimed, with an air of repining. "I long for the sun that warms."

"We don't get much of it in the winter, but our last few summers have been almost tropical. At this time of year one generally goes to the Riviera." He spoke cheerfully.

"Do *you*?" She emphasised the pronoun.

"Generally."

"Then why are you staying on here in this miserable place?" she inquired, with kindling eyes.

"I might ask you a similar question."

"Oh, I see, you are then curious about me. I thought you were, but I am not inclined to be communicative."

"I know."

"It is tiresome—your curiosity."

She threw up her hands, the palms out-

"Oh, Philip, you will get him out of this scrape, won't you?"

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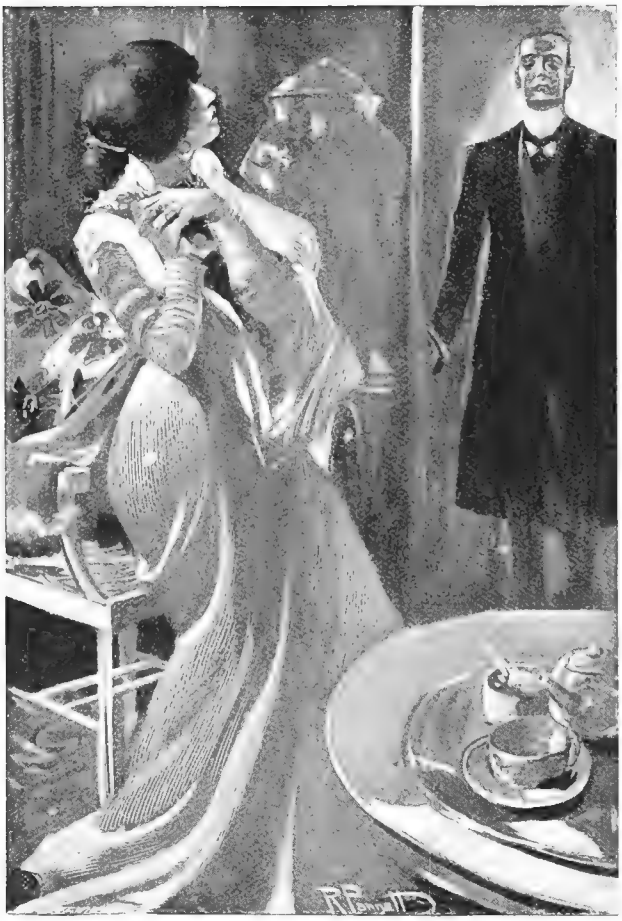

She stood facing him, with the Morocco case clutched tightly in both hands.

wards, as she spoke, and Hammersley noted that they were pale and bloodless.

"I hope you have found me unobtrusive. You asked to see me this afternoon, you know."

She made a gesture of impatience.

"I was tired of 'Mees' Brown, quite naturally. She is stupid. She cannot amuse, and you have sent the big boy Englishman away."

Hammersley started.

"No, no, he has only gone to see his mother, and he will come back."

"I do not care. I do not want him."

"Nor me, either; shall I leave you?"

Another furious gust of wind shook the window panes.

"Do not go," she cried, imperiously. "I have no wish to be alone. 'Mees' Brown is gone out. She wears thick boots, and an ugly brown waterproof — the weather is nothing to her."

"After all, if you keep up a good fire, it is not uncomfortable indoors," said Hammersley, cheerfully. "Let us roast some chestnuts."

"I do not like to burn my fingers," she murmured, plaintively.

"You shall not burn them, that shall fall to my share." And he laughed.

"No, do not move, for I like much to look at you."

He made her a mock bow of acknowledgment.

"You are so big, what I like, and strong. It is your mind that I mean. It would make people afraid."

Hammersley leaned back in his chair and shook with laughter.

"Oh, I am serious," she declared.

"But I hope I don't make you feel afraid."

She did not reply, turning her eyes away from him towards the fire.

"Reggie could not protect," she mused aloud.

Hammersley wondered, but he said nothing.

"He is like a grown-up baby," Babul continued. "Anyone could cheat him."

"Up to a point, perhaps," interposed Hammersley.

"Oh, I have no object to cheat him. I give him more of my confidence than I give you," Babul said with calm contempt.

Again Hammersley was silent.

"Perhaps, you say—he is not discreet."

"On the contrary, you may safely trust him."

"But you may have heard of—of—things I do not wish people to know?"

"M-m—perhaps."

"It is 'Mees' Brown then, for she talks and talks just like a parrot," Babul cried; and her voice rose shrill and angry.

"You have told her your secrets," suggested Hammersley.

"I have no secrets," she declared, and her face wore a sullen expression.

When young Cashel returned a few days later, he was surprised to find little trace left of Babul's recent illness. He

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ventured to rally her on the point, declaring her to be an imposter. But "Mees" Brown had a different tale to tell of weary, anxious hours which she had passed in the sick room. "Mees" Brown assured him that at one period Babul had approached a very critical stage.

"A mind diseased will affect the body," she breathed mysteriously.

And Reggie carried the hint forthwith to Hammersley, whom he had now ceased to hate so vigorously.

"What do you make of it, old chap?" said Reggie, while standing on the hearthrug in the smoking-room, with legs astride and hands behind his back, in a true Briton attitude.

"Can't venture an opinion."

"Oh, you go so devilish slow. Can you venture an opinion as to how much 'Mees' Brown knows of Babul's affairs? I tried to sound her just now."

"She rings hollow, I'll be bound. 'Mees' Brown would like you to find out from Babul."

"There's that nigger chap to be accounted for—why should she live in dread of his finding her? Sometimes I wonder if she is related to him."

"What does Miss Brown say about that?"

"'Mees' Brown says she doesn't think so. She says also that Babul has never been in love, and never will give herself to any man; her only passion is for diamonds."

"Pooh! Then she would give her soul in exchange for diamonds. Is that what 'Mees' Brown wishes to suggest?"

"She might be willing to give her soul, but not heart, for she doesn't possess one, so 'Mees' Brown tells me," and young Cashel spoke with an air of pensive regret.

"With those eyes!" exclaimed Hammersley, and he stalked out of the room.

In spite of "Mees" Brown's wise counsel, young Cashel could not tear himself away from his idol. He was a worshipping boy, and the golden haze of youth enveloped him, while the sharp sword of experience was unsheathed in its scabbard.

And with returning health Babul seemed to grow more beautiful than ever.

"Mr. Hammersley tells me that your mother, Lady Cashel, is going next week to the Riviera. Why do not you go with her?" Babul inquired somewhat abruptly of him one morning.

Reggie beat about the bush, for "Mees" Brown was present.

"You are a great, foolish baby not to go. Mr. Hammersley says——"

"Confound Mr. Hammersley!"

"You shouldn't speak like that," cried Babul softly.

"I beg your pardon."

"That is good. And you will go?"

"No."

"But why?"

"Because I think I may be of service to you, if I stay," was his blunt reply.

The effect of this speech on Babul was remarkable; for a moment she seemed to shrink and cower, as though overcome by mortal fear, then she turned an ashen face towards "Mees" Brown, articulating. "Did you hear him? Do you think it will come true?"

The woman of common sense got up from her chair.

"Stuff and nonsense, my dear! Mr. Cashel delights in sentiment."

But Babul tottered from the room.

"Why don't you take her at her word, and join Lady Cashel," said "Mees" Brown severely. "You will insist upon playing moth to her candle, until you have no wings left to fly with. I tell you she does not care for you—she loves dumb, unfeeling stones, for their resemblance to herself. And Mr. Hammersley—perhaps she likes him a little."

III.

Hammersley paused for a moment outside the door of Babul's private sitting-room; he could hear her crooning to herself, and her musical voice sounded sweetly in his ears. He turned the handle and walked in, without previously announcing himself.

Babul sprang to her feet, snatching something which had rested on her knees the moment before, something which had flashed with a thousand scintillating rays before a decided snap told of its hasty imprisonment. Then she stood facing him, with the Morocco case clutched tightly in both hands, and clasped against her breast.

Hammersley came forward into the room.

"I am afraid I startled you. I'm awfully sorry," he exclaimed.

"It is too late for excuses," she cried, with unconcealed bitterness. "You must not speak of what you have seen. Promise me that."

He looked gravely at her.

"I do," he said; "but in return you must promise me to be more careful in future how you exhibit your treasure; for if thieves get wind of it, they would stop at nothing to get it. Why not deposit it at your bankers?"

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She laughed derisively.

"What use would it be to me then? I love my diamonds—the sight of them, the touch of them. Without them I should die."

And she raised the Morocco case which contained her treasure to her lips, passionately kissing it, then she dropped upon her knees, and broke into weeping.

Hammersley slipped away, marvelling greatly, for he had never seen a woman thus possessed before. Arrived in his own room, he locked himself in, and proceeded carefully to review the situation. Babul's diamond was worth a king's ransom. He passed his hand across his brow, and drew it away damp with moisture; for the perils of her position filled him with horror and anxiety for her safety. Native cupidity would naturally be excited by her possession of such a marvellous gem, and the sequel might be written in red.

He walked to the window, and, looking down into the street, he saw a man's figure, muffled up to the ears, in a long overcoat, standing upon the opposite pavement. His face was completely hidden, but, from his attitude, it was evident that he was regarding the house with a fixed purpose. Now a biting east wind swept round the corner of the street, buffeting him severely, and he put up his hand to draw the fur collar of his coat more closely before moving away with quick gliding footsteps.

In that moment Hammersley's sharp eyes had noted that the hand he had exposed to view was the long, brown, sinewy hand of a native.

* * * * *

Upon reflection Hammersley did not attach much importance to the incident, which, for a short time, had appeared significant of danger to Babul. Earl's Court was frequented by native students, and the man whom he had noticed would probably belong to this class. A few days passed, and Hammersley, now on the alert, had seen nothing further of the dark stranger. Babul seemed brighter and happier than usual; a fitful sun dispersed her moods of fretful melancholy, and wrapped in costly furs, she ventured out of doors sometimes, accompanied on these occasions by one or other of her faithful cavaliers, "Mees" Brown acting sheep dog at their heels.

It was now the last week in January, and the sun, gathering strength with the progress of the year, had melted the frost-bound earth, smiling tenderly upon the pale snowdrops and crocuses as they pushed their way through the ground. Narcissi, violets, and mimosa, from the South of France made a lordly show at the street corners, where the flowers hawkers vended their wares, and the dreaded winter seemed almost over in the light of spring days that were to come.

Hammersley sauntered beside Babul along the trim, well-kept paths in the Kensington Gardens. A big bunch of violets was tucked into the collar of her sable cape, exhaling a wonderful fragrance, another bunch of the same flowers adorned the sable toque which rested upon her black coronet of hair. This morning her beauty was more striking than usual, and half jealous of the attention which she excited, Hammersley selected a bye-path winding through an avenue of trees and almost deserted. "Mees" Brown had discreetly lost sight of the pair in her chase after a brown terrier that belonged to their landlady, and was a general pet of the establishment. Hammersley fell a few paces behind his companion that he might admire her tall figure, lightly swaying in serpentine movement as she walked. Her skirt, of black cloth, embraced her perfectly moulded hips, and was worn long and swept the ground. It was lined with orange-coloured silk, as she held it up with one hand, her small, arched foot peeped in and out of its dainty folds.

She was beautiful; and Hammersley felt sure that he was more to her than anyone had ever been—even in the past.

"Babul," he called softly, "let us rest here in this quiet spot. Now, who would believe that we were in the heart of the world?"

"I love this quiet," she said. "The noise of your London streets kills the senses," and she closed her eyes, leaning back in her chair.

Hammersley, grown suddenly bold, slipped his arm under her sable cape, and so encircled her.

Then she opened her eyes full and looked into his face.

"You do love me, and for that I am glad. But you will forget, and I shall never."

"I shall not forget," he vowed.

She lent him the sweetness of her lips for a moment, withdrawing them from his too fervent embrace.

"You will forget," she repeated in monotonous tones; "it must be so. It is the difference in colour."

Hammersley got up from his seat, aggrieved and almost angry.

"If you talk like that, we had better go," he said.

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She rose also.

"Yes, you speak wisely, we must go."

Her colour had faded, and she was trembling with emotion. Hammersley drew her hand within his arm. "You sweet foolish woman, you have got to learn that love makes no distinctions of that kind. I know more of these things than you do."

"I know, because I am a woman, and in the end I shall suffer. It is always so when the white man loves the black."

"You are not—black."

Her dignity quickly asserted itself. She drew away from him, rearing her small head, while her glittering eyes plunged daggers into him.

"I must tell you, in my own country I am great. I have power. I can make men feel."

"And in this country also," he said, but smiling. "Babul, tell me truly, in your own country did you belong to any man?"

She answered him slowly.

"My father was Rajah; but he was old when I was born of his youngest and favourite wife. He died when I was twelve years old, and my brother came after him."

"And you ruled them both, the father while he was yet alive, and the brother who came after," laughed Hammersley, showing his white teeth, "now, you shall rule me."

"No—no."

"Is it your brother who is anxious to find you, because of your treasure?"

A deadly pallor overspread her features.

In the midst stalked young Cashel, ghastly and unseeing, bearing in his arms a scorched bundle of clothing.

"They belong to me alone, and they were my mother's before me. The Ranee, who is ugly and withered, has cast an envious eye upon the diamond which my father left to me, and she has sent a dog of a servant to try and secure it for her. This is the time my brother is away in the hills fighting, or hunting big game, and they will make the most of it."

"You have reason, then, to be afraid," said Hammersley. "Why is it that women will risk so much for diamonds?"

He spoke lightly, but a presentiment of coming evil flitted across his mind, and left him troubled and anxious.

The same night Babul went to a theatre with "Mees" Brown and young Cashel, who had taken the tickets for their amusement, over-ruling Babul's objections. When they started she looked radiantly beautiful and happy. She was dressed in a white gauzy material, of Oriental workmanship, and round her slender brown throat she had twisted a rope of exquisite pearls; large earrings, studded with gems, were fastened in her ears, and these ornaments made Hammersley laughingly protest against barbaric customs, as he handed her into the carriage which waited at the door.

The vision of her was sweet to him that evening, as he sat alone in the smoking room with his pipe and book. The subject of the latter was principally concerning the efforts of a detective to trace the perpetrator of a singularly cold-blooded murder, and so wearied Hammersley that, in spite of some efforts on his part to keep his mind at tension, his eyes closed in spite of himself.

Google

He fell asleep, with his pipe between his teeth, and the book, slipping from his relaxed hold, lay upon the floor beside him.

It was midnight, when a woman's shriek of agony rang out upon the stillness, piercing the vapours in which his senses were steeped.

An overpowering, nameless dread seized Hammersley, who, now wide awake, sprang to his feet, making for the door. Muffled screams and heartrending cries still reached his ears, as he sped up the staircase, cursing and stumbling as he went, but never pausing until he had reached the landing where Babul's suite of rooms was situated.

Here a strong, pungent odour of burning assailed his nostrils, and a scene of indescribable confusion prevailed. In the midst of it stalked young Cashel, wildly disordered, ghastly and unseeing, bearing in his arms a scorched, blackened bundle of clothing. He passed close by Hammersley, proceeding down the stairs, the drawing-room was still brightly illuminated, and there he went in, carefully depositing his burden upon the nearest couch.

"What is it? I know . . . . . don't tell me." And Hammersley staggered back. "It is so sickening," he shuddered. . .

But Cashel dropped his face upon his hands and sobbed for a few moments as if his heart would break.

"Babul . . . Oh—it's awful!"

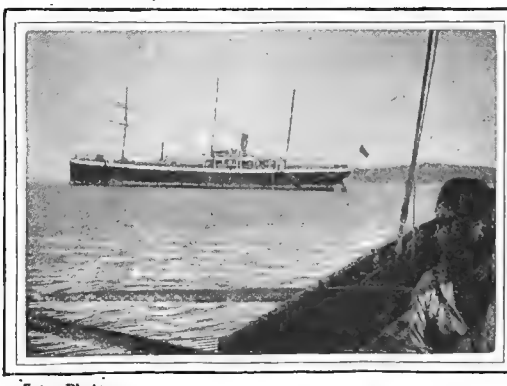
"I met her rushing towards me, a living ball of fire. She had found somebody in her room, she said, and in her alarm, she must have overturned the lamp. I seized blankets, rugs, everything I could lay hands upon, and wrapped them round her. My God! How she struggled and screamed, and struck at me. I shall never forget it—but I could do nothing. She wanted me to leave her, and go in pursuit of a man who had stolen something of hers. To think that an hour ago she was alive, and now—Hammersley, I shall go mad."

Hammersley drove his nails into the palms of his hands, the muscles of his face were rigid with the effort of self-control. He gripped Cashel's shoulder.

"Come and have a drink, Reggie," he said.

THE SMALLEST NAVY IN THE WORLD.

THE smallest navy in the world is that of the Sultan of Morocco. It consists of only one ship, the gunboat *Hassani*, which until recently was in the unique position of being a fighting craft without weapons. Her crew was armed, though she herself carried no guns. When, however, the present commander of the *Hassani*, Captain Bensen, a Swede, was appointed, he altered all that, and now she is capable of showing a very pretty row of teeth, which may be used if the Powers attempt any spoliation of Morocco. The *Hassani* is a converted merchantman of about 1,000 tons register, built of iron and steel, and is chiefly used in conveying the Sultan's soldiers from point to point along the Moorish coast, as they do not always dare to travel overland.



From Photos

The Moorish gunboat *Hassani*.

by G Rhodes.

The armament of the *Hassani*.

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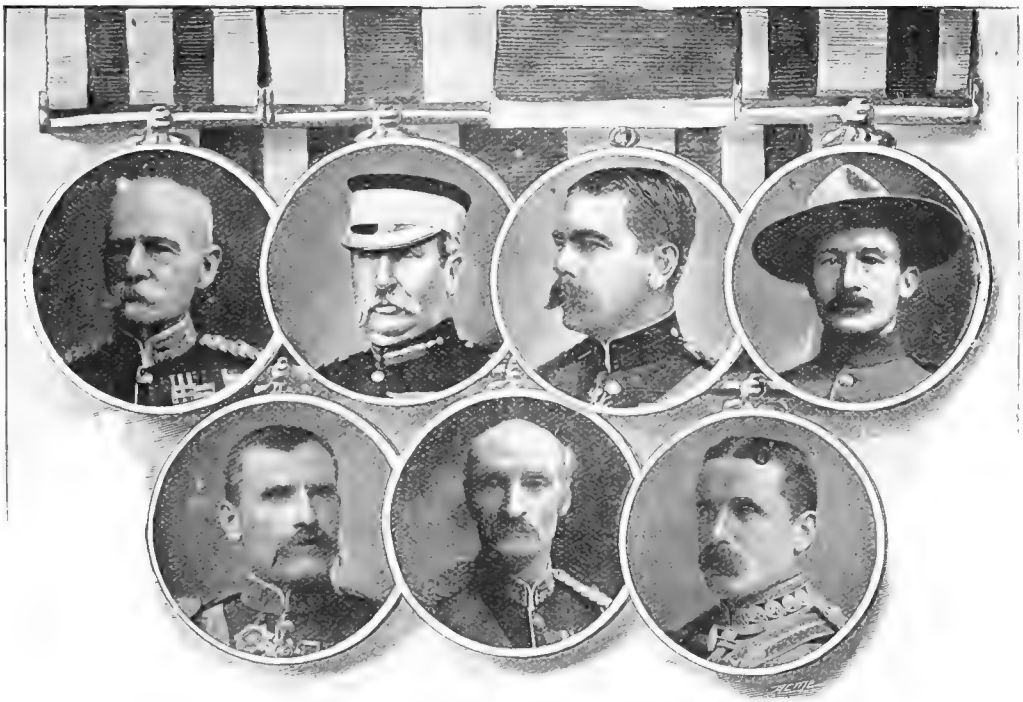

Photos by London Stereoscopic Co., Bassano, C. Knight, Lambert Weston, Elliott & Fry, Heath & Co., and Langfier.

THE MEDALS OUR GENERALS WEAR.

By Charles Winter.

Illustrated with Photographs specially taken for the Royal Magazine.

The precious pieces of metal which adorn the breasts of our gallant generals are, although insignificant in themselves, the records of their unselfishness and devotion to their Queen and Country.

Field-Marshal Lord Roberts is the wearer of the Victoria Cross, four medals with ten clasps, and a bronze star, besides three grand crosses of Orders of Knighthood. He is also a Knight of St. Patrick.

He served throughout the Indian Mutiny of 1857-8, including the Siege and Capture of Delhi, where he was wounded. His horse was shot under him a few weeks later. In the action of Bolundshur he again had his horse shot; while at Agra Kunoi his horse was sabred.

At Bundhera he narrowly escaped being captured while reconnoitring. He took an active part in the skirmishes prior to and throughout the operations connected with the Relief of Lucknow, under Lord Clyde; also in the operations at Cawnpore from November 28th to December 6th, 1857, the defeat of the Gwalior contingent, the action of Khodagunge, the re-occupation of Futtehghur, the storming of Meangunge, the action of Koorsee, and the various operations ending with the capture of Lucknow. For these services he received the thanks of the Governor-General of India, was granted brevet of major, and was presented with the Mutiny medal with three clasps (Delhi, Relief of Lucknow, Lucknow).

It was at Khodagunge that Lord Roberts won the Victoria Cross. When following up the retreating enemy on January 2nd, 1858, at Khodagunge, he saw in the distance two sepoys going away with a standard. Putting spurs to his horse, the gallant young officer overtook them just as they were about to enter a village. They immediately turned round and showed fight by presenting their muskets at him, and one of the men pulled the trigger,

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The Medals of Lord Roberts.

but fortunately the cap failed. The standard-bearer was cut down by Lieutenant Roberts and the standard taken possession of by him. He also, on the same day, cut down another sepoy, who was standing at bay, with musket and bayonet, keeping off a sowar. Lieutenant Roberts came to the assistance of the horseman, and, rushing at the sepoy, with one blow of his sword, killed him on the spot.

In 1863 he was employed on special service with the expedition sent against the tribes on the north-west frontier of India, and was present at the storming of Laloo, the capture of Umbeyla, and the destruction of Mulkah, receiving the India General Service medal with clasp—Umbeyla.

Abyssinia was his next field for active service, in the campaign of 1868, when, as Assistant Quartermaster-General of the Bengal Brigade, and as senior officer of the department at Zoula, he superintended the re-embarkation of the whole army, and was selected by Sir Robert Napier as the bearer of his final despatches. He was breveted Lieutenant-Colonel, and received the Abyssinia medal.

Returning to India, he served as Assistant Quartermaster-General and Senior Staff Officer with the Cachar column of the Looshai Expeditionary Force in 1871-2, and was present at the capture of the Bholel villages and the attack on the Northlang range. He commanded the troops engaged at the burning of the village of Taikoom, January 26th, 1872, for which he received the clasp *Looshai*, and was made a C.B.

The year 1878 saw him in command of the Koorum Field Force. He was present at the storming and capture of the Peiwar Kotal and the pursuit of the Afghan army to the Shutargardan, also at the affair in the Mangior Pass, and during the operations in Khost. For these services he was raised to a Knight Commander of the Bath, and received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament.

General Roberts commanded the Cabul Field Force during the advance on and occupation of Cabul in the autumn of 1879, and was present in the engagement at Charasiah and throughout the operations at Sherpore during the winter of 1879-80, for which he received the Badge of a Companion of the Order of the Indian Empire.

He next commanded the Cabul-Candahar Field Force, which marched from Cabul to Candahar in the August of 1880 and relieved the garrison shut up in the latter place on September 1st, defeating and dispersing Ayub Khan's army. Lord Roberts received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, the Afghan medal with four clasps (Peiwar Kotal, Charasia, Kabul, Kandahar), and the bronze star, Kabul to Kandahar; he also received the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, and was created a Baronet.

1886 found him again on the warpath in Burmah, thus adding another clasp—Burmah, 1885-7—to his Indian General Service medal.

Sir Redvers Buller's first medal was granted to him for services in China, when he served with the 2nd Battalion of the 60th Regiment

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in 1860, and was awarded two clasps. His second was only issued by the War Office last year, although it is for services in Canada with the Red River Expedition in 1870.

In September of 1873 he accompanied Sir Garnet Wolseley to the Gold Coast, and served as Deputy Assistant-Adjutant and Quartermaster-General and Head of the Intelligence Department throughout the Ashantee War, 1873-4, including the action of Essaman, the battle of Amoaful, the advanced guard engagement at Jarbinbah, the battle of Ordahsu (where he was slightly wounded), and the capture of Coomassie. For these services he was granted the badge of a C.B., brevet of major, and the Ashantee medal with clasp—Coomassie.

Trouble having arisen with the tribes in the South of Africa, he next served in the Kaffir War of 1878-9, and commanded the Frontier Light Horse in the engagement at Tabaka Udoda, in the operations at Molyneux Path, and against the Manyanyobas stronghold.

The Zulu War of 1879 saw him in command of the cavalry in the engagements at Zlobane Mountain and Kambula, when he was entrusted with the eastern reconnaissance of the former. On the 27th March Buller marched from camp with 400 horse and some natives, 675 in all, and, after a thirty-mile circuitous march, he bivouacked five miles south-east of the mountain. The next morning he led his column by a path scarcely passable for mounted men, they having to lead their horses by the bridle. On gaining the high plateau he saw how great was the area of the flat mountain top. It was now about 9 a.m., and all seemed quiet on the summit, as the Zulus had concealed themselves among the rocks and in caverns. Buller returned to the east of the mountain, and despatched an officer with orders for Colonel Weatherley, who was in charge of the western column. No sooner had the Captain departed on his errand, than Buller saw a Zulu army fully 20,000 strong approaching the mountain from the south-east. The delay of the other columns, through missing the track, enabled the Inhlobane followers of Umbelini and Manyanyoba to hold their own ground until the arrival of the Ulundi army.

The approach of this army inspired the Zulu inhabitants of the mountain, who, leaving their hiding places, began to harass Buller's force. No support having arrived, the British were forced to retreat.

Colonel Buller obtained the V.C. for his gallant conduct in this retreat for having assisted, while being hotly pursued by the Zulus, Captain Arcy of the Frontier Light Horse, who was retiring on foot, and carrying him on his horse until he overtook the rear-guard; also on the same day and under the same circumstances, he conveyed Lieutenant C. Everitt of the Frontier Light Horse (whose horse had been killed under him) to

General Buller's Medals.

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These are the Medals of Sir George White, the Gallant Defender of Ladysmith.

a place of safety. Yet again did this brave man rescue from the jaws of death a third comrade on that eventful day—a trooper of the Frontier Light Horse, whose mount was completely exhausted, and who otherwise would have been killed by the Zulus.

Colonel Buller afterwards conducted the reconnaissance before Ulundi, and was present in the engagement which followed.

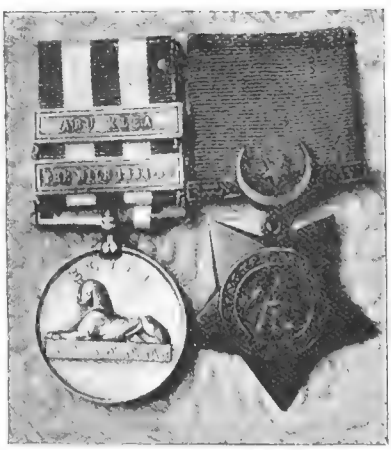
For his services in these wars, he received (besides the V.C.) the cross of a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, the South Africa medal with clasp, the brevet of Lieut.-Colonel, and was appointed Aide-de-Camp to the Queen.

Continuing in South Africa, he served in the Boer War of 1881 as chief-of-staff to Sir Evelyn Wood, with the local rank of Major-General.

He next served in Egypt in 1882, taking charge of the Intelligence Department. He was present in the action at Kassasin and the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, receiving the Egypt medal with one clasp and being raised to a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George; he also received the cross of the Osmanieh Order, 3rd class, and the Khedive Star. Later on he served in the Soudan campaign, and was present in the engagements at El-Teb and Tamai, and defeated the enemy at the Abu Klea Wells, adding two more clasps to his Egypt medal.

Lord Kitchener served with the Nile Expedition in 1884-5 as Deputy Assistant-Adjutant and Quartermaster General, and he received the British medal with clasp, and from the Khedive the 2nd class of the Order of the Medjidie with the Egyptian bronze star.

While in command of a Brigade of the Egyptian army, he was present at the engagement of Gemaizah in the December of 1888 and Toski in 1889, adding two clasps to his medal, and also being made a C.B.



General French possesses two Medals.

He next commanded the Dongola Expedition Force in 1896, and was promoted to the rank of Major-General for distinguished service in the field, was made a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath, and received the 1st class Order of the Osmanieh, the British Soudan medal and Khedive Soudan medal with two clasps.

He commanded the operations in 1897, which closed with the capture of Abu Hamid. Again in 1898 he was in command of another British-

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Egyptian army, when he re-conquered the Soudan from the Dervish invaders and finally overthrew the Khalifa's power by a crushing blow at the battle of Khartoum. For these services he received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, was raised to the peerage, received the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, and had two clasps added to the Khedival medal.

Major-General Baden-Powell's Medals.

General Sir George White served with the 27th, the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, on the North-west Frontier during the Indian Mutiny in 1857-9, and received the medal. He next served with the 92nd Highlanders in the Afghan War of 1879-80, and took part in the engagement of Charasiah on October 6th, 1879, and also in the various operations around Cabul in the December, including the investment of Sherpore. He was also present at Charasiah on April 25th, 1880, and accompanied General Roberts in his march to Candahar, taking part in the reconnaissance on August 31st and the battle of Candahar. For these services he was made a Companion of the Order of the Bath, received the Afghan medal with three clasps—Charasia, Kabul, Kandahar—and the bronze star—Kabul to Kandahar — and was granted the Victoria Cross for his conspicuous gallantry at Charasia and Kandahar.

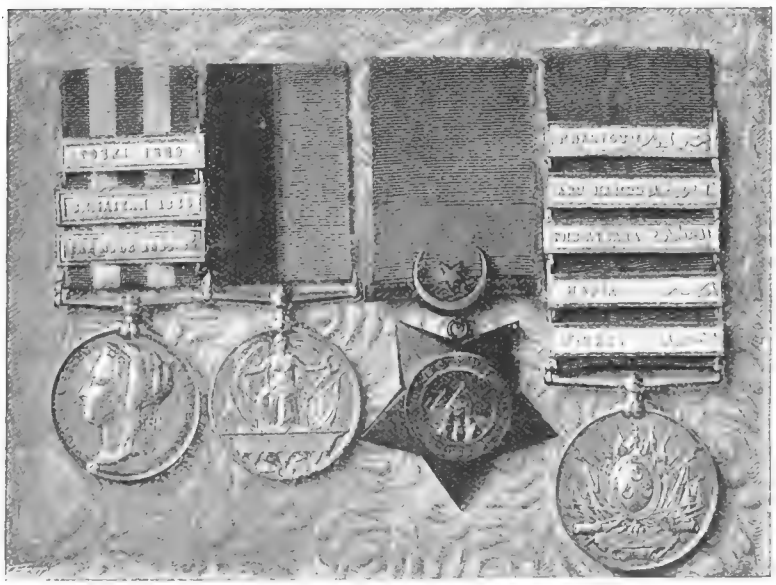
In 1884-5 he served with the Nile Expedition, and received the Egyptian medal with clasp — the Nile, 1884-5—and the Khedive bronze star.

After leaving Egypt he served with the Burmese Expedition in 1885-9 in command of the 2nd Infantry Brigade, and commanded at Mandalay during the insurrection; he also commanded the Upper Burmah Field Force after the capture of Mandalay. For these services he received the thanks of the Government and of the Commander-in-Chief of India, was promoted to the rank of Major-General for distinguished service in the field, was raised to a K.C.B., and received the Burmah medal with clasp.

Sir George White now wears the Grand Crosses of the Orders of the Bath, the Star of India, the Indian Empire, and the Victorian Order, the V.C., four silver medals and clasps, and two bronze stars.

Major-General R. S. S. Baden-Powell, the hero of Mafeking, served in the operations in Zululand in 1888 as Assistant Military Secretary to the General Officer Commanding and as Intelligence Officer. In 1895 he served under Sir Francis Scott in the expedition to Ashanti and received the Ashanti bronze star, which bears on the reverse side the words "*from the Queen.*" The British South Africa Company presented him with their medal for *Rhodesia* for the part he took in the operations in South Africa in 1896.

Lieut.-General French, commanding



The Medals of Lord Kitchener.

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Cavalry Division, South Africa Field Force, received the Egypt medal with two clasps and the Khedive Star for his services with the Nile Expedition of 1884-85, and in the engagements of Abu Klea and Metammeh with the 19th Hussars.

General Macdonald first saw active service in the Afghan War of 1879-80, in the course of which he was present at the affair of Karatiga, in the engagement at Charasiah on October 6th, 1879, in the operations around Cabul in the following December, and in the second engagement at Charasiah on April 25th, 1880. He next accompanied Sir Frederick Roberts in the march to Cabul, and was present at the reconnaissance of August 31st and at the battle of Candahar. After having been twice mentioned in despatches he was promoted to the rank of second-lieutenant; he also received the Afghan medal with three clasps for Charasiah, Kabul, and Kandahar, and the bronze star for Roberts' march.

In 1881 he served in the Boer War, and was present in the engagement at Majuba Hill, when he was taken prisoner, but had his sword returned to him by General Joubert in recognition of his bravery on that occasion.

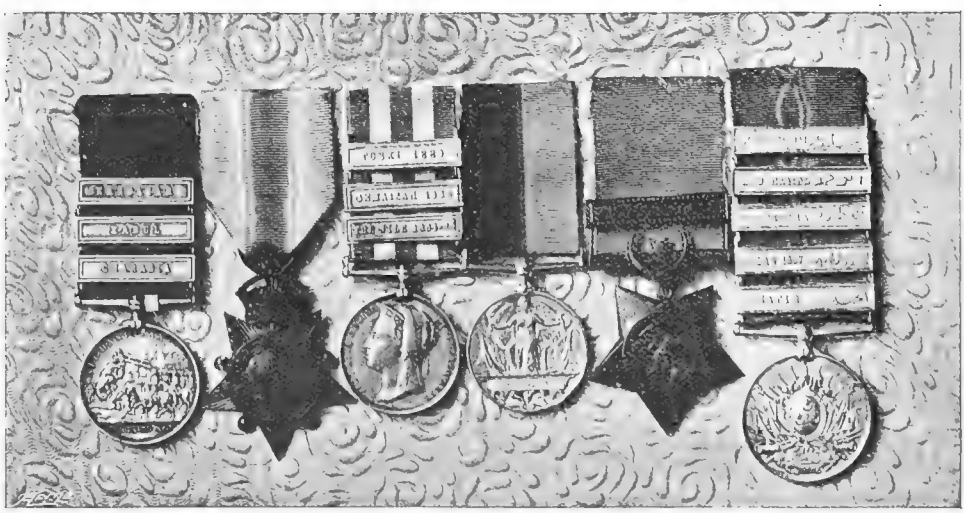
During the Nile Expedition of 1885 he acted as Garrison Adjutant at Assiout from January 22nd to June 5th, and took part in the operations near Suakin in the December of 1888, including the engagement at Gemaizah. For these services he received the Queen's medal, Khedive star, and the 3rd class of the Order of the Medjidie. In the following year he added another clasp to his medal by being present in the engagement at Toski, at the same time receiving the Distinguished Service Order.

He was next present at the capture of Tokar in 1891, and received the third class of the Order of the Osmanieh, a clasp being added to his Khedive Star.

The year 1896 saw him in command of the Second Infantry Brigade with the Dongola Expeditionary Force, under Sir Herbert Kitchener, and he was present at the engagement at Firket and the operations at Hafir. He next commanded an Egyptian Brigade in the operations of 1897, including the engagement at Abu Hamed, and in 1898 at the battles of Atbara and Khartoum. For these services he received The British Soudan Medal and the Khedive Medal with five clasps; he was also made Aide-de-Camp to the Queen and Colonel, and received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament.

Most of the silver war medals have the bust of the Queen on the obverse, and must be worn, according to regulations, with that side to the front. The medals are photographed showing the reverse side.

The Victoria Cross is bronze, and is worn with a crimson ribbon by the army and a blue by the navy. The insignia of the various Orders of our Generals are of gold, and magnificently enamelled in colours. All Order medals and stars have, moreover, a distinctive riband.



"Fighting Mac's" Medals.

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SUMMER

We left our cheerless
Northern day,
And joyfully our sails
unfurled ;
With hopeful hearts we
sailed away,
Chasing the summer
round the world.

We saw her garments
on the hills,
'Midst orange groves
and olive trees ;
She softly kissed the
daffodils,
Her breath came
sighing down the
breeze.

Where sunshine has its
dwelling-place,
In strange and mystic
Eastern lands,
We saw the sweetness of
her face,
We felt the magic of
her hands.

And as the sun, in royal
state,
Sank slowly to his ocean
rest,
We too passed through
the "Golden Gate,"
And sank at length on
Summer's breast.

And though we passed
away once more,
With joyful hearts and
sails unfurled,
We only sail from shore
to shore,
Chasing the summer
round the world.

L. G. MOBERLY.

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MY Lord Cardinal was beside himself with passion. His face was livid; his dark eyes seemed full of uncanny yellow flames, and his long, white fingers kept tugging at his stiff grey beard, which almost seemed to bristle as I watched him.

"I will find the hound," he muttered. "I will unearth him if every house in Paris has to be torn from its foundation!"

I had earned during my thirty years of life the reputation of a brave man, quick alike with sword and tongue—but upon this occasion I fear me that I belied my reputation.

In a moment of levity, spurred by the praises of Richelieu, which I had heard fall from the lips of one of those cardinalists whom I hated, I had dared to vent my feelings in a poetic satire of twenty *stanzas*. I had called my poem "*The Red Owl*," and albeit my craft as a poet was of a sorry character, the secret detestation in which the Cardinal was held by many of those who cringed in fear about him, rendered my verses more than acceptable. Before a week was spent they were lisped by every court-gallant and guffawed over by every soldier, whilst within the month there was not a scullion in the whole of Paris who did not know them by heart.

The affair grew serious. An ill-advised dog of a musician, named Rouget, set an air to them as harsh and discordant as the words themselves; nevertheless—so inexplicable a thing is public taste—that air was being yelled in every wine-shop, and hummed in every ante-chamber.

The storm had burst the night before. His Eminence was playing chess with the King at the Louvre. With one of his bishops he had imperilled Louis' queen, and as he lay back in his chair to await the Royal move, some pestilent croaker must perforce pass under the window singing that infernal song.

The Cardinal pricked up his ears at the sound, then turning to Saint Simon who stood at his elbow:

"What is this new air that seems so much in vogue at present?"

A dead silence followed the question, during which the twitching of St. Simon's face was fearful to look upon. Then a page who stood by the door was apparently taken ill. He clapped his hand to his mouth, from which there came a stifling gurgle. He staggered, caught his foot in something, and crashed against an ornamental suit of armour, dragging it with him to the ground. Not content with the noise he had made in falling, he lay on his back emitting shriek after shriek of wild, unearthly laughter.

Nothing is so contagious as mirth. In the twinkling of an eye the train which that accursed page had fired wrought irreparable damage, and the suppressed merriment of the company spluttered for a moment, then exploded.

Now, whatever Richelieu may have been, he was not a fool. His piercing eye scanned each distorted face with a look of contempt, which told me that he had more than half guessed the riddle of their amusement.

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It is a mystery to me how I contrived to remain in the room without betraying myself by my sober countenance. Fortunately the Cardinal's scrutiny of those about him was brief and contemptuously careless.

Without a word he calmly turned his attention once more to the chess-board, and waited for the King to move. But when the game was over, he got himself a copy of the verses in one of those mysterious and far-reaching ways at his command.

Next day I was visited by a lieutenant of Richelieu's guards with a message from His Eminence that I was to attend him at once at the Palais Cardinal.

Albeit we were in June, a cold shiver ran through me at the summons, which I dared not disobey.

And that is how I came to find myself in the unenviable position whereof I write, face to face with the irate Cardinal, who threatened to have the author of the verses I had written broken on the wheel.

It restored in part my courage to find that I was unsuspected, and that Richelieu had merely sent for me in the hope that what he pleased to term my astuteness would aid him in his search for the culprit. I may mention that he held a great opinion of my judgment ever since I had unmasked that plot against his life which is known as the "Conspiracy of the Pont St. Michel"; for, at the time of that conspiracy, I had held a lieutenancy in his guards which I had since relinquished in order to accept the commission in the dragoons which the King had graciously accorded me.

It was owing in a measure to that erstwhile appointment of mine in his guards that his Eminence still continued to honour me by employing my services. I had it in my heart to wish, as I stood before him now, that I had left the conspirators to carry out their work unmolested, for I knew him too well to expect mercy for the poor poet who had held him up to ridicule, and struck so deeply at his pride.

"Have you read the verses?" Richelieu inquired suddenly, holding up a copy of the fateful manuscript.

"I have not, your Eminence," I answered without a blush.

"Then do so, Rouvroy," he said, "if you have the patience, which, indeed, I doubt in a man of your taste. They are abominable drivel. I can understand the popularity they have attained in the wine shops, for I could swear that they were written by some drunken soldier, and, what is more, written when he was drunk, if one may judge by the stumbling rhythm."

My blood boiled at the sneers he thus launched upon my work, and in the heat of the moment I so forgot myself as to remark:

"I thought them smooth enough, your Eminence!"

He eyed me for a second in blank surprise.

"I understood you to say that you had not read them," he remarked coldly.

The sweat seemed to burst through every pore of my body as I realised how unhappy had been my remark.

"But I have heard them sung in the streets, Monsigneur," I hasten to explain.

"Ah, true, true," he murmured; "and you told me nothing of it, Rouvroy! That was unkind of you; we might have had this fatuous minstrel ornamenting Montfauçon, or pondering over some fanciful translation of the '*De Profundis*' in a dungeon of the Bastille, ere now—eh?" he cried with a chuckle that made my flesh creep. "But never fear, Rouvroy, we shall have him yet—this writer of epics—and when we have him"—his tone became a snarl, and his hands tightened viciously over the manuscript he held—"we will break him on the wheel—will we not, Chevalier?"

"Indeed I trust so, your Eminence," I answered with a shudder.

Thereafter he questioned me closely concerning the poem, and he seemed disappointed to find that I could throw no light upon the matter. In truth, what with his questions and his disappointment he angered me not a little, and had my position in the matter been a less delicate one, I should have asked him whether he desired to insult me by counting me among the spies he told me that he had at work. As it was I deemed it best to preserve a smiling countenance, until, in the end, he grew sick of my ignorance, and dismissed me, giving me his ring to kiss, and murmuring a valedictory "*benedicat vos.*"

Now, albeit, when I left the Palais Cardinal my thoughts were gloomy enough, in the evening I found myself making merry with half-a-dozen roysterers at Valençon's, and turning my interview with Richelieu into a pretty story, which provoked many an uproarious burst of laughter.

And when I depicted the Cardinal's rage (without yet betraying my authorship), my uncle, the Duc de St. Simon, who was present, was the only one who took no part in the hilarity my narrative excited. On the

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contrary, his stern face became sterner as we grew more boisterous.

He took an early opportunity of speaking to me alone, and I then noticed that there was an ominous solemnity in his manner.

"Claude," he said, laying his hand upon my shoulder, "you were unwise to write that satire, but you must be mad to make a jest of your interview with the Cardinal. 'Tis a sorry business, nephew, and I marvel greatly that you have the heart to laugh and make merry over it when at any moment your life may pay the penalty."

"'Tis a bad philosophy, monsieur, that teaches us to brood to-day over the thought of a possible death to-morrow, and one which a soldier cannot understand."

"A plague on your philosophy, sir," he answered with a grimace. "What philosophy was it that made a poet of you? The Cardinal's spies," he continued, "are at work in every quarter. At any instant you may stand revealed to his Eminence as the author of '*L'Hibou Rouge*.' What then, my friend, eh?"

And he made a significant and discomposing gesture by drawing his fingers gently across his throat. I shuddered despite myself, noting which:

"You may indeed tremble, nephew," he cried; "but harkee! Last night, when that disastrous affair occurred at the Louvre"—and at the memory of it he could not repress a smile—"I foresaw what would ensue, and determined to send you a journey, which you must indeed undertake if you wish to escape the gallows. A trusty messenger is required to carry certain documents and a verbal message to His Majesty, Gustave Adolphe of Sweden. I obtained leave from the King two hours ago to entrust you with this mission."

A cry of joy escaped me.

"Your Grace has saved me!" I exclaimed.

"I sincerely hope so. You will start to-morrow, as early as you choose. Come to my hotel at noon, and I will give you your orders, and an escort of six troopers. You can send them back when you reach Stockholm. As for yourself, you will no doubt find sufficient interest at the Swedish court to detain you there until this affair is forgotten, or until I summon you to Paris. You understand?"

"Perfectly. How can I show my gratitude?"

He gazed at me for a moment with a twinkle in his roguish old eye.

"Hum—by writing no more poetry," he answered drily.

When a few moments later I rejoined Valençon and the others I was as blithe as a lark at dawn. Now when a man is merry he is wont to be thirsty besides; and as my joy was great so was my thirst excessive. Hence the events of that night are involved in a nebulous atmosphere which does not permit my retrospective glance to behold them over clearly.

Suffice it that after we had pledged every man and woman our memories could hit upon as deserving of a toast, and drunk confusion to the "Red Owl," by which sobriquet my lord Cardinal was now popularly known, I took my leave, and set out afoot and with unsteady gait to find my way home and prepare for the morrow's journey.

But the wine had drowned my wit so utterly that, as I stumbled up the Rue St. Antoine, I raised my voice and sang *à pleine gorge* the first lines of my satire.

> There's an owl from church,
> That hath found a perch
> On the back of the royal throne,
> With a crafty head
> And a robe of red,
> And a dismally hooting tone.

Then, as I paused for breath, I was startled to hear a deep voice take up the thread of my song.

> All honest folk pray
> That this red owl may
> To the devil take flight ere long.
> To hang him we hope,
> With a good stout rope
> On his gibbet at Montfauçon!

A moment later a tall and gaily-dressed cavalier, in whom I recognised my friend De Merval, stood beside me, and pausing in his vociferations, greeted me with a hearty laugh.

I took him by the arm, and having grown thirsty again, I dragged him to the nearest *cabaret*, and there, over a bottle of red Anjou, I let my tongue run wild. I remember that he asked me if I knew the author of the song, to which I answered that the Cardinal would give his ears to know as much as I did on that score.

I dimly recollect that as I made this foolish statement the knave who was attending to our wants bent over the table, and eyed me for a moment with great scrutiny, then asked me bluntly if I were in earnest. Naturally I grew angry that a tavern servant should dare to join in the conversation of gentlemen, and ordered him away with small waste of compliments. But as the knave stirred not fast

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enough to please my mood, I hurled a bottle at him, then springing up with my sword already half unsheathed, I would have made short work of him had not de Merval caught me in his arms. And as he bore me forcibly out into the street, he stilled my frantic struggles by whispering in my ear:

"Be calm, Rouvroy! 'Tis Moinier, the Cardinal's spy!"

The words fell on me like icy water upon an overheated man. I realised fully what a fool I was for having let such words be overheard, and I shuddered to think of what I might have added had not Moinier's excessive eagerness checked the tide of conversation.

As the knave stirred not fast enough to please my mood, I hurled a bottle at him.

It need, therefore, cause no wonder that I was at my uncle's hotel at an earlier hour next day than the one which he had appointed, nor yet that I effected my departure from Paris without taking leave of my Lord Cardinal.

I did not breathe freely unti II was out of France, for at every moment I expected to be confronted with some potent messenger who would bid me return to Paris and acquaint His Eminence with the meaning of those rash words spoken in the presence of Moinier.

But—as I afterwards learnt—it was not until twenty-four hours after my departure, and when I was already well beyond pursuit, that the Cardinal was informed of my absence. The letters which I received at Stockholm from my uncle gave me certain tidings concerning Richelieu's attitude, calculated to quench any eagerness of mine to return. Indeed, I might have been well content with the Swedish Court, and minded to remain there for many a day, as St. Simon advised, had it not been for Antoinette de Rémy, whom I had left in Paris.

As it was, home-sickness beset me after two months absence, and I spent my days in endless sighings over the portrait of my lady, and vaguely wondered as to what she thought of my sudden disappearance—for in my haste I had dared indulge in no leave-taking. I had sent her a message by my faithful friend Gaston de Brissac—the one man in all Paris who, besides my uncle, knew me for the author of the "Red Owl." But to that message no answer came to me at Stockholm, and this lack of news of her I loved, was proving a somewhat heavy burden to my spirit.

I know not how much longer I should have endured my banishment, had not at last a letter reached me, brought by a gentleman of the court of Louis XIII., who chanced to journey to Stockholm some three months after my arrival there. The letter ran as follows:

"My Beloved Claude,—Why am I without news of you? Why do you not come to me? I am in despair. My father has promised my hand to Monsieur le Chevalier Gaston de Brissac, and I am being forced into this hateful marriage. If you have not forgotten me, as they say; if you still love me, tarry not, but come at once and rescue your distressed—Antoinette."

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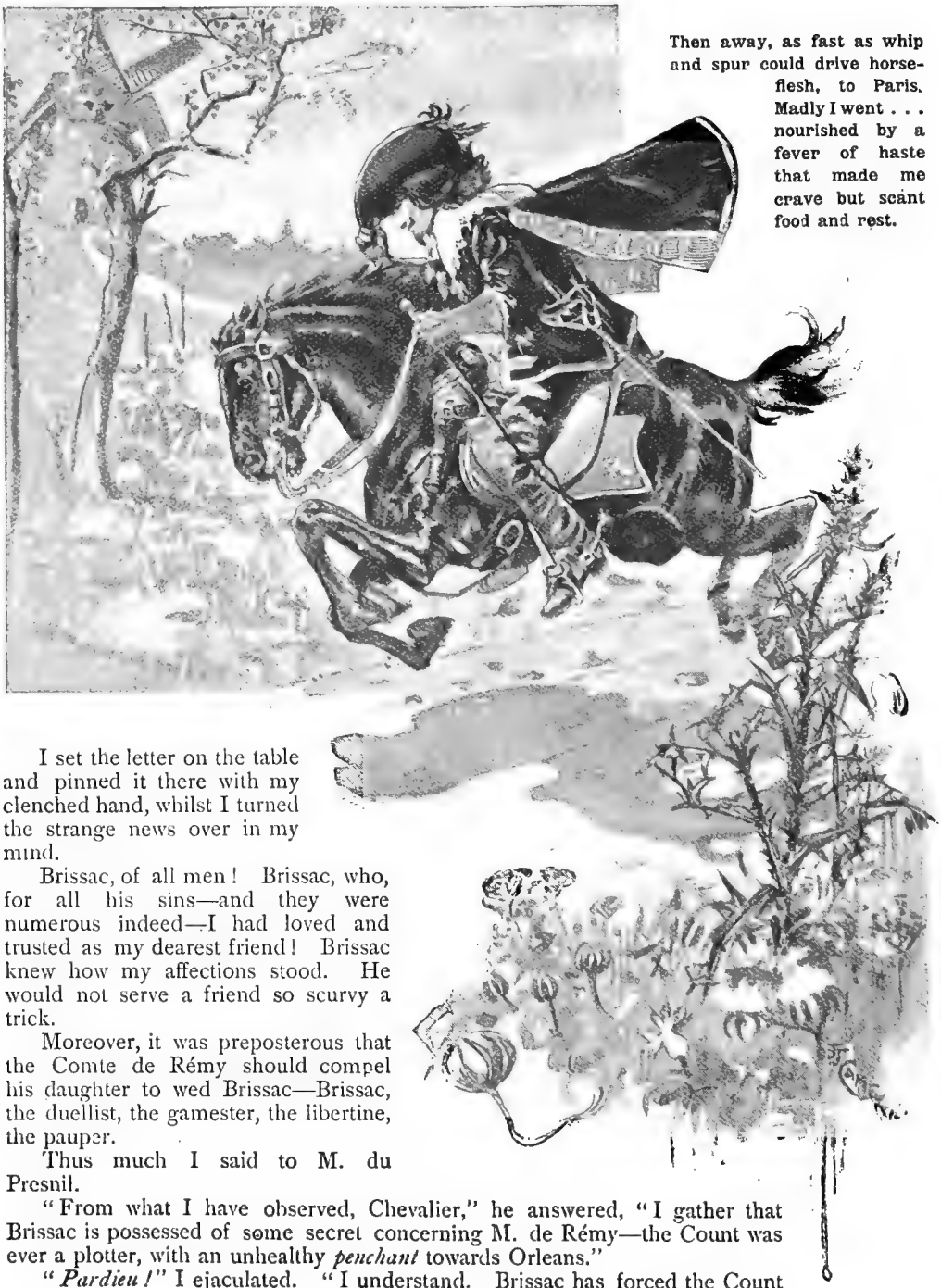

Then away, as fast as whip and spur could drive horse-flesh, to Paris. Madly I went . . . nourished by a fever of haste that made me crave but scant food and rest.

I set the letter on the table and pinned it there with my clenched hand, whilst I turned the strange news over in my mind.

Brissac, of all men! Brissac, who, for all his sins—and they were numerous indeed—I had loved and trusted as my dearest friend! Brissac knew how my affections stood. He would not serve a friend so scurvy a trick.

Moreover, it was preposterous that the Comte de Rémy should compel his daughter to wed Brissac—Brissac, the duellist, the gamester, the libertine, the pauper.

Thus much I said to M. du Presnil.

"From what I have observed, Chevalier," he answered, "I gather that Brissac is possessed of some secret concerning M. de Rémy—the Count was ever a plotter, with an unhealthy *penchant* towards Orleans."

"*Pardieu!*" I ejaculated. "I understand. Brissac has forced the Count to give him his daughter in marriage in exchange for his silence. I left Paris, M. de Presnil, because I was possessed of certain information, which my uncle informs me, my Lord Cardinal will drag from me by torture if he can seize me. But, as God lives, Monsieur, I shall be back in Paris before the month is out—Cardinal or no Cardinal."

I left Stockholm that very night, and a week later I set sail from Gottenburg.

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Another week, and I was landed at Antwerp. Then away—as fast as whip and spur could drive horseflesh—for Paris. Madly I went, through Termonde, Ninove, Valenciennes, Cambrai and St. Quentin, nourished by a fever of haste that made me crave but scant food or rest.

And so it befel that on the nineteenth day after my departure from Stockholm, I drew rein—grimy with sweat and dust, haggard, parched and travel worn—at the gates of the Hotel St. Simon in the Rue St. Honoré. Yet when in answer to my inquiries, a lacquey informed me that M. le Duc was in the library with the Chevalier de Brissac, I forgot fatigue and grime, and more like one freshly out of bed than from the saddle, I bounded up the stairs, shaking a cloud of dust from my boots at every stride. I paused a moment outside the library to prepare myself for what must inevitably follow; then turning the handle without warning, I opened the door and entered.

My uncle and M. de Brissac were seated at a table with a backgammon board between them, intent upon the game.

"What the—" began my uncle peevishly; then, recognising his nephew beneath my mask of dust—"Claude!" he gasped, digging his hands into his portly sides, and bending upon me a look of ineffable surprise. "What new folly is this?"

"'Tis no folly, sir," I answered, with a certain dignity in my meekness. "My honour demanded my immediate return."

De Brissac, upon whose face I kept my eyes, paled slightly at the words, and drummed absently with his fingers upon the table.

"Your honour?" echoed my uncle. "Faugh! What of your life? Have you forgotten the dangers that threaten you in Paris?"

I needed no further invitation to explain, and this I did as succinctly as I might, yet without restraining one jot of the bitter scorn and contempt for de Brissac which rose to my lips. More than once he sought to interrupt my narrative, but my uncle prevailed upon him to be patient to the end.

When I had done, I drew from my pocket the letter that I had received from Antoinette, and handed it to the Duke as a proof of what I stated.

St. Simon took the paper from my hand, and in silence he perused it. Then bending upon de Brissac a look of utter loathing, he bade him leave the house.

De Brissac took up his hat, and pressing it well over his brows—"I shall not go," he said in a cold, formal voice, "until I have received from M. de Rouvroy satisfaction for the insult offered me."

"To demand satisfaction, and not to render it, have I travelled to Paris and jeopardised my liberty," I answered with equal loftiness. "I am at your service, M. de Brissac."

He laughed, and tossed his handsome head disdainfully. Then suddenly he appeared to ponder.

"Stay, M. de Rouvroy," he murmured. "Since you put it that way, I don't think that I shall fight."

"Not fight?" I cried.

"You ask me for satisfaction. I have none to give, and I will not risk the penalty of the edict for killing you."

From other lips this would have sounded boastful and indecent, but de Brissac's swordsmanship was so far famed a thing that even he himself could not make pretence of ignoring it, and when he spoke of dealing death, it seemed a natural enough assertion to which past victories had given him the right.

"Hound!" I cried, beside myself with fury, and had not St. Simon got in the way I should have flung myself upon him.

"Steady, fool!" snarled de Brissac. "I have a deadlier weapon for you than my sword. Monseigneur has a score to settle with you for running away. He will thank anyone for the news of your return, and—*Mortdieu!*—he will be still more grateful for such information as I might impart to him concerning the author of a famous lampoon." He laughed harshly, then, doffing his hat, he bowed mockingly before us.

"*Adieu*, Messieurs!" he murmured. "There is a word that I would whisper in the shaveling's ear. 'Tis but a name. The name of the man who wrote the immortal lines of "The Red Owl."

But this was more than I could brook. Mad with rage, I drew before my uncle could interefere.

"You Judas!" I cried. "Look to yourself!"

The Duke no longer sought to hinder me. He realised that I had no alternative. For a moment de Brissac still hesitated.

"M. de Rouvroy," he expostulated, with an effrontery that was past crediting, "believe me this is unwise. Let us rather—"

"As God lives, sir," I broke in, "if you do not draw, I'll kill you as you stand."

He saw the madness in my eyes, and knew that I was in earnest. He shrugged his shoulders, and cast his cloak from him. The

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next moment there was the clash of our meeting blades.

With the first few passes I grew calmer, and for some moments I fought mechanically, a dull despair creeping into my heart with the reflection that do what I would, Antoinette must lose her only protector. I had no doubt as to the issue. I might fence closely for a while and keep his point well checked, but soon I would tire; my parries would grow wider, and then—the end.

It may seem strange to some that, realising all this, I had insisted upon fighting. But the laws of the code of honour by which I had lived left me no alternative.

Then, of a sudden, I waxed fierce and desperate. Why despond? This was not playing the man! My fury was soon apparent in my fencing. I pressed him hard, and he gave way before me. Madly I followed him, and I had all but had him with a quick thrust in low *quarte*. He parried with more vigour than caution, and for a second he was uncovered. I saw the opening, and lunged with my whole weight and to my fullest stretch—forgetting that it was a polished floor we trod—and as I lunged I slipped. My left knee struck the floor, and simultaneously my sword—from which my eyes had been diverted—seemed caught in mid-air.

I saved myself with my left hand from rolling over sideways, then, as I looked up, expecting at any moment the *coup de grace*, there was a topple and a crash, and de Brissac was down, too, upon his knees, with my sword transfixing him from breast to back.

My uncle explained to me afterwards, that, upon seeing me slip, de Brissac had lowered his blade, and that owing to the shadow which he cast in front of him, he only discovered when it was too late that in spite of my mishap, my right arm maintained the rigid attitude of the lunge.

Bewildered by this sudden ending—which seemed to me like an intervention of Heaven—I withdrew my sword, and, flinging it from me, I caught de Brissac in my arms as he fell forward swooning.

In the silence we raised him, and laid him gently upon a couch. Whilst I unfastened his doublet, and vainly attempted to staunch the blood with my kerchief, my uncle turned to go for assistance.

An exclamation escaped his lips as he did so, which caused me to look round. For a moment I believed my over-wrought mind had conjured up a phantom to dismay me, as, framed in the doorway, I beheld a tall and well-known figure in scarlet robes. A

My left knee struck the floor, and simultaneously my sword seemed caught in mid-air.

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pair of glittering eyes met my astonished gaze, and seemed to fascinate me.

'Twas my uncle's voice that broke the spell at last.

"What intrusion is this?" he queried proudly. "*Mort de ma vie*, Monseigneur, is not a man's house his own?"

"You are somewhat *brusque* and hasty in your speeches, Duke," said Richelieu—for, by the Mass! 'twas he. "News was brought me half-an-hour ago of the arrival in Paris of my honoured friend, M. le Chevalier de Rouvroy. His sudden return causes me as great joy as did his abrupt departure give me pain, and" —his voice was now cold and harsh—"I hastened hither to welcome him."

His restless eye, which had kept travelling from St. Simon to me, and ever and anon to the figure on the couch, was now bent full upon me.

"It is regrettable that I did not arrive a moment earlier, so that this tragedy might have been averted." Then, suddenly recognising the face of him who lay upon the couch, "What!" he exclaimed in astonishment, "de Brissac fallen at last! *Ma vie*, M. de Rouvroy, you have wasted no time since your return."

His tone had become a snarl, and I read my doom in it. I had killed a man, and his Eminence might, in virtue of his edict, have me hanged for it, if so it pleased him. He would offer me my life, I thought, in exchange for the name of the author of "The Red Owl," and whether I gave him the information or held my peace it would be all one.

Suddenly de Brissac stirred and clutched my arm with his hand, striving to raise himself.

"Ah," he muttered is a faint voice, "Monseigneur has come to *me*. I may die content."

I turned to him once more, and for the first time gave serious attention to his wound. At a glance I saw that he was dying.

"Aye," he said with a bitter smile, "de Brissac has fought his last fight. *Diable*, but I deserved a better end than to be spitted by accident. But wait. I have not done yet." Then raising his voice slightly and at great cost, "Monseigneur," he called, turning his eyes towards Richelieu, "will you deign to approach? There is something that I would say to you concerning 'The Red Owl.'"

The Cardinal started eagerly at the words, then moved to the side of the dying man.

St. Simon shot a sharp, eloquent glance at me as I stood there, mute and despairing, to hear my death sentence. Then de Brissac's low voice broke the silence.

"I was to have married Mademoiselle de Rémy," he began. "My friend, Claude de Rouvroy, learnt this at Stockholm. He loved the lady, and she loved him. He hastened to Paris to expostulate with me, arriving to-night and meeting me here. I would not listen to his pleading, and so he swore that since I had thus betrayed his friendship and his trust, he would no longer shield me at his own cost and at the peril of his life."

My uncle started violently forward, but fortunately the Cardinal's back was towards him, and Richelieu noted not the movement.

"He was about to visit your Eminence," de Brissac pursued—his voice growing weaker and his breath coming in quick, short gasps —"to tell you something which he alone could tell. He wished to give you the name of the author of 'The Red Owl.' I barred his way, sword in hand. He defended himself, and retribution has overtaken me."

Again he paused, and the Cardinal's impassive face bent lower.

"Who wrote the poem?" he inquired in a curious voice.

"I did," replied Brissac, in clear, distinct tones; then his head sank back, and again he swooned.

I stood like one turned to stone, and it is a marvel that I did not betray myself when the Cardinal addressed to me some words wherein he lauded my former self-sacrifice, which had made me suffer banishment in order to shield a friend.

Slowly I realised how much de Brissac's falsehood meant to me. I was no longer a fugitive from the Cardinal's vengeance. I might go about freely and fearlessly as I had done before I wrote those accursed lines, and I might marry Antoinette upon the morrow if I chose. If ever a lie stood to a man's credit in the Book of Judgment, surely 'twas that magnanimous lie of the dying duellist.

When the Cardinal was gone, and I had no longer a part to act, I flung myself upon my knees beside the couch, and took de Brissac's hand in mine. He opened his eyes, and as they met my gaze, he attempted to smile.

"Forgive me, Gaston," I cried.

"Claude, dear friend," he murmured, "do you forgive me my treason towards you."

He raised himself by a last supreme effort.

"Farewell, Claude! Farewell, Duke!" he said. Then, as he sank back again—"*Ma vie*," he cried, with something between a laugh and a sob in his voice, "I may have lived a blackguard, but I die a gentleman!"

And thus he passed.

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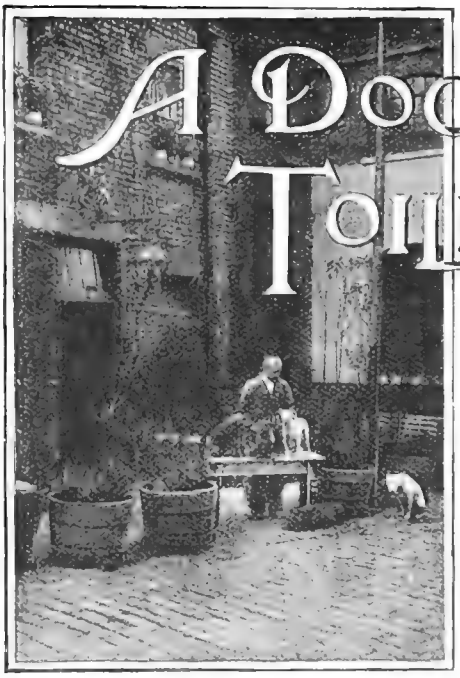


A Dogs' Toilet Club

Written and Illustrated with Photographs by Frank Foulsham.

At first thought there certainly seems to be something humorous in the idea of a dogs' barber, but second thoughts are always best we are told, and they are so, at least, in this case.

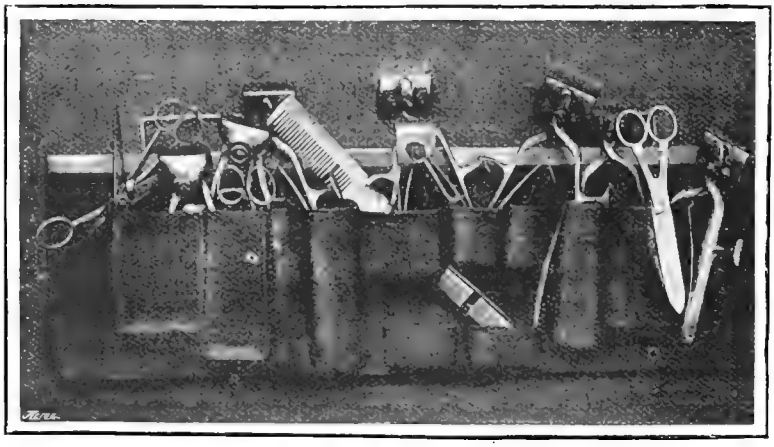
There is really nothing amusing about it; it is a serious calling, and a necessary one. Anyone who owns a valuable member of the canine species will assure you on this point, if further assurance is required after a perusal of this article.

As there are social classes of dogs, so there are classes of dog barbers, but there can, of course, be but one best, and the name of *the* barber of dogs is Mr. Brown, who pursues his calling in a quaint little turning off Regent Street, in a still more quaint little house—a house all yellow and green, with a brass coat of Royal Arms on the door, another coat above it, and a gilded lion rampant raging on the coping of the mansion. Before the house, in yellow and green painted tubs, are yellow and green flowers and trees—that is to say, the flowers are creeping jenny in bud, and the trees were just coming out into bud when this visit was paid.

If, perchance, such a description is insufficient to enable one to locate the exact abode of the tonsorial artist for aristocratic dogs, the loud conversation of its four-footed inhabitants will assist one in his quest. When I journeyed thither recently I had no difficulty in finding the exact spot, for there was Mr. Brown, coat off, shirt sleeves up, and white apron on, putting one of his boarders through its toilet. The dog, a fine French poodle, was in a big bath, being well washed, and viewing the operation with a look of disdain born of long usage.

"Yes, he is quiet." Mr. Brown admitted, as he lifted from the bath what looked like a mass of wet yarn—the dog in question, a handsome black poodle of the long-corded variety, the cords hanging almost to the ground.

I remarked on the curiosity, and drew from Mr. Brown the information that, with the exception of the open-coated



Some of the tools used by the dogs' *coiffeur*.

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breed, all poodles are of the long-corded type—*i.e.*, their coats would, if not cut, grow in long cords.

"And the 'fluffed out' poodle is only the result of clipping," he added.

The difference between these two types, which is just one of toilet, will be apparent from the photographs illustrating this article.

Some people owning long-corded coated dogs do not, however, have the cords cut to within a respectable distance of the ground, and, in consequence, the animal spends half his life in a pan of oil, and at show times, when on exhibition, lives for days together with long cords in the oil. This is necessary to prevent them gathering dirt and insects.

"As a result," said Mr. Brown, in comment, "the animal's life is a misery to him. If the cords are allowed to grow they should be clipped clear of the ground."

The idea of clipping and shaving the dogs to the skin in places originated in France many years ago, with the apparent desire of converting the animal into a lion in appearance, and the custom of "fluffing out" the coat is not new, since it was done in Landseer's time.

"Why," said Mr. Brown, "I remember when I used to go to Landseer's place—he lived at Weston Lodge, St. John's Wood—and dressed his dogs every week."

The morning bath.

Combing out the hair.

Cleaning the dog's teeth.

By this time Mr. Brown was vigorously rubbing the corded poodle with a cloth.

"But he won't be thoroughly dry for several hours," he explained. "He must dry himself. I can't put him before the fire, fire turns a dog's coat brown. And if I took him home brown, I don't like to think what Mr. Wertheimer would say to me."

"He belongs to Mr. Wertheimer, of Bond Street, then?"

"Yes, and he's a prize dog. The 'Great Echo' is his show name, but we call him 'Noble.' He is Mr. Wertheimer's favourite; travels all over the country with him. Once a lady took a fancy to him at Brighton, when he was out on the sea front with the butler, and offered £200, but she might as well have offered £2,000."

When the "Great Echo" was taken inside to dry, I entered beyond a door decorated with the highly-polished coat of arms into a small office, and stared at the many "doggy" pictures and framed testimonials decorating the walls, and a motley gathering of stuffed dogs whose souls had long since departed to other realms. I was divided from Mr. Brown's numerous

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canine "boarders" by a high wire gate, up to which they came to make my acquaintance.

"I haven't many 'boarders' at present," Mr. Brown told me. "There are not many people out of town; when they depart, however, my family increases."

"And the cost for boarding is——?"

"Five shillings per week, unless, of course, the dog is a giant, then there is a little more for his extra food."

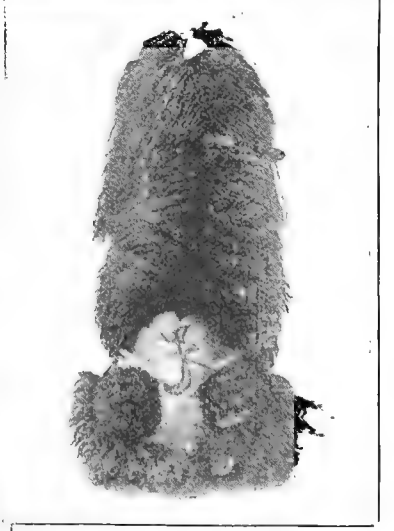
The cost of a dog's toilet we found varied, but it cannot be made under half-a-guinea, while a guinea or even two guineas is often paid. The charge made depends upon the amount of work to be done.

Trimming the hair.

First, perhaps, the dog has to be thoroughly washed and dried, and the drying process is lengthy and tedious. It is generally a wash with common water that is required, but sometimes also a scented bath.

Shaving.

Then he has to be clipped and shaved and combed—the latter if he is a "fluffed out" dog. And unless he has visited the barber's recently, the clipping and shaving are no light tasks. The rule in clipping is to commence at one of the fore-paws, and work upwards to the body. The parts which are to be shaved are clipped as closely as possible to the skin, and lather and razor do the rest, but the latter has to be wielded with some skill, for dogs are notoriously fidgetty customers. As a rule, they will not sit quiet before a camera, and for this reason a certain dog's tailor in Paris uses stuffed canines when the costumes are photographed to illustrate his catalogue, so that the photographs illustrating this article may be considered unique.



It is fashionable to have the hair clipped in such a way as to leave upon the dog's back its owner's initials.

A fine coat of the long-corded type.

The clipping and razoring over, comes the combing out, which has to be done most carefully, as much of the dog's smart appearance is due to the manner in which he is combed. His toe-nails are trimmed up with the scissors, and his pearly teeth cleaned with a tooth-brush and salt. Some ladies, however, object to their pets being obliged to

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taste salt, and supply scented dentifrice instead.

A bow of silk ribbon is tied in the hair at the head, and My Lord Dog is finished and ready for the drawing room.

It is possible, however, that the owner wishes his or her crest or monogram worked on the dog's back. It may be simple or it may be elaborate. Mr. Brown does not mind—nothing is too difficult—it is only a matter of price. But the work of cutting an elaborate crest in the dog's fur is a long and tedious one, and Mr. Brown likes to be alone when he is engaged in this task—that is, if the dog is an old customer and will keep perfectly still; if not, the attendance of its owner is necessary to inspire it with the requisite amount of patience. And curious are the ways in which some ladies keep their dogs quiet—by singing to them, humming to them, or whistling, while one lady of title plays the violin while her pet is being decorated.

Everything is done to smarten the poodle's appearance; even its nails are regularly cut.

The finishing touch being put to a dog's toilet. The bow upon its head or neck is very carefully tied.

Mr. Brown has in his time done some extraordinary work on dogs' backs, not only in the way of monograms and crests, but also in the way of pictures. On one occasion he executed a lace pattern, and the dog looked as though it was covered with a curtain. Another time he did a very smart piece of business. One Derby morning he executed a race-horse on the back of a poodle, and also gave the idea of all the surroundings, leaving a nice patch beneath wherein to inscribe the name of the horse winning the great race. He made special arrangements to receive the result quickly, and when he got it, cut the name on the dog's back. Then he went out in search of the owner of the winner, and, finding him late in the evening, sold him the living picture for the sum of £100. Of course, the dog was a valuable one.

The trimming of a poodle's coat is quite as delicate a matter as the cutting of a man's hair.

Before shaving, the clippers are usually applied.

The Dogs' barber has been in the business now a matter of twenty-two years, and an uncle of his was in it before him. He has kept dogs ever since he can remember, and he is now fifty-six years of age. He kept them before there was any tax, and remembers well when the tax was 12s. per dog. Consequently anything he

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This poodle's owner has a fad that when his dog passes through the hands of the *coiffeur* his coat shall be trimmed in such a way as to leave a picture of a horse and rider.

Here is a coronet design in hair.

does not know about dogs may be counted as useless. His predecessor in the present business was dog barber not only to the Prince of Wales and the nobility of England, but also to many of the crowned heads of Europe, having been patronised at various dates by the Emperor Joseph of Austria, the Czar Alexander of Russia, and Victor Emmanuel of Italy; while Mr. Brown now numbers amongst his clients the Prince of Wales, the Queen of the Netherlands, Prince Dhuleep Singh, Alfred and Ferdinand de Rothschild, the brother of the Khedive of Egypt, Lady de Grey, George R. Sims, and others too numerous to mention. He can show you testimonials from most of them.

The story as to how "Dagonet" came to be a customer of Mr. Brown was told by the former some years ago in "Mustard and Cress," and is certainly amusing. G. R. S. whilst out strolling one morning with a Grand Duke in Hyde Park, was so astonished to find marching in front of him a black poodle with the *nom de plume* "Dagonet" carved on its back that he fell into the Serpentine. At least he said he did. When he was dragged out he followed the dog home to Regent Street to find out the reason of its being so decorated, and learned from Mr. Brown that it had been done by the dog's master, "H.R.H. the P——." That, of course, was "Dagonet's" little joke. He hoped, he wrote, the Royal owner would withdraw the animal from circulation.

The result was that "Dagonet" did a lot of business with Mr. Brown, and use to have his crest cut out on his poodle's back—a lion rampant.

Naturally, Mr. Brown has handled most of the champion dogs of the day in the course of his professional duties, and he himself has owned not a few, and taken with them many prizes. He has also dealt in dogs, and narrates many an interesting yarn of bargains he has made, but that, to borrow an expression of Mr. Kipling's, is another story. He used also to dabble in monkeys and snakes, and probably one of the most curious things that ever happened in Regent Street was the birth of a couple of monkeys. They did not live, however, but Mr. Brown can show one of the twins stuffed. It remains to be said that Mr. Brown finds his business extremely lucrative.

An amusing toilet performed by Mr. Brown specially for the benefit of the ROYAL MAGAZINE

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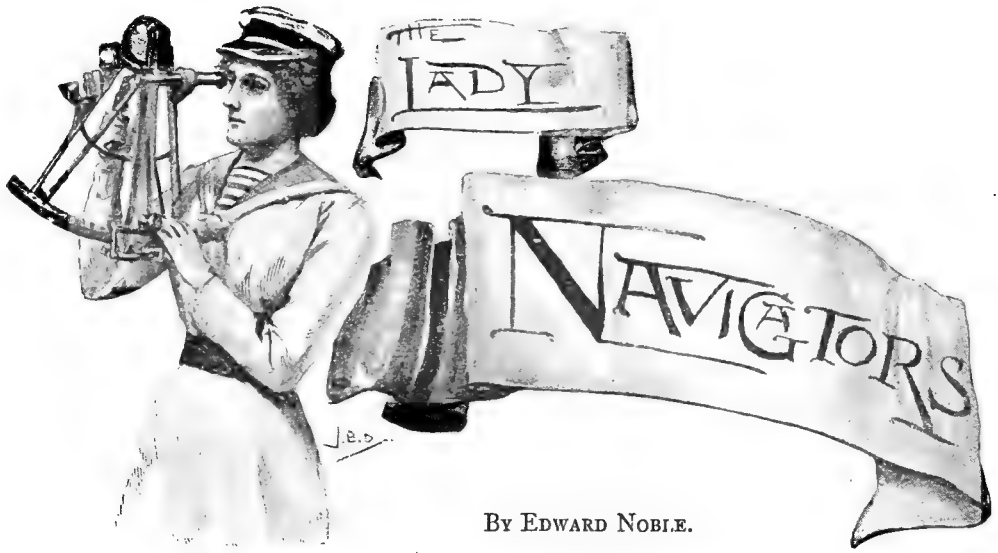

By Edward Noble.

"You are wrong, Murray; the theory is as old as the hills."

"As a theory only," I suggested.

"And the case they allude to happened years ago, if I may rely on my count of time."

"Carragh," said I, "it is evident you know the story—what is it?"

Captain Patrick Carragh, R.N.R., Harbour Master of Seagate, and late of the Oceanic Steam Navigation Co., turned to face me, and there was a twinkle of merriment in his eyes.

"I do," he said. "I was in command."

My friend and I were walking the Seagate Pier, yarning as was our custom before lunch, over the morning's news. I carried in my hand the paper which had brought on the discussion. It related to the wreck of a liner which had steamed into an uncomfortable bed on the Cornish coast. The vessel had been well found, perfectly manned, and navigated by an officer of long and varied experience. The weather had been clear, there was no special cause for the disaster, and the result showed that, as usual, the penny-a-liners had been stoking up from previous records to the mystification of the public.

One of the suggestions they had thrown out was that the Cornish Rocks were magnetic; therefore the compasses had been deflected and the ship drawn out of her course. The case of the *Southern Cross* was quoted in evidence of such a possibility. However, my friend was by my side, and his voice suggested laughter. I turned to him without preface.

"Cut ahead," I said. "The thing is taken from the *Shipping Gazette*, it must, therefore, have a substratum of truth."

"You make me smile," he replied. "A man of your experience ought to know that sometimes a reason has to be found—do you follow me?"

"I'm not made of india-rubber," I returned; "go on."

"The case of the *Southern Cross*, which you say they quote, happens to be one of mine. I have seen one or two funny things in my time, but the *Southern Cross* broke the record.

"See here: It was after I had been some twelve years in command, and was hardly what you might term a novice. I came home in the *Rajpootana*, and being a bachelor, with no home outside a London hotel, the company thought they couldn't do better than pass me over to the *Southern Cross*, whose commander was down with 'flu.'

"It was winter, and spending winter in London, to a homeless bachelor, is not a soul-raising pastime, so I clinched with the offer, sent my kit over to the new ship, and came down with the Marine Superintendent to join.

"The vessel was lying in the Albert Dock, looking trim and taut as a man-o'-war. We went on board. An hour later the passengers arrived by special train, and we took them in.

"I had been with Captain Harrison, the superintendent you remember, and knew of nothing unusual until my Chief Officer came in to report progress.

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"'The ladies are aboard, sir,' he said, 'and the signal is flying for us at the dock gates.'

"'The ladies,' said I, looking up, 'what ladies?'

"'The passengers, Captain Carragh.'

"'Quite right,' Harrison interjected, springing from his chair. Er—the fact is I forgot to mention it before, but the ship has rather an odd lot of women this trip. In fact I believe they are all women. Some female suffrage patients on a voyage to extend their horizon, and to pursue the problem of the descent of man. To say the truth, Carragh, they've chartered the ship for six months, and you will have to do as they require.' He shook me effusively by the hand. 'May the Lord have mercy on your soul, my friend,' he added, 'though, on the whole, I shouldn't wonder if you have some fun."

"I gazed at him sadly. 'My dear boy!' I said, 'do you expect to see me home again?'

"'I think,' he replied, 'the Government would vote you a statue in the House if you could jettison the lot. There are fifty of them, man-haters to the last hairpin, and Lady Barraclough is in charge.'

"'And she is the President of the Anti-smoke League,' said I.

"'Not only that, but of every Anti there is going,' he replied. 'You will have to convert her, Captain. It's a thing you can do if I may judge from your record. You understand the compliment—we couldn't put *any*one in charge of such a basin full—and as for officers, why we've given you the cream of the service.'

"He chuckled himself out of my room, and left me to interview the Chief.

"When I came on deck I mounted the bridge and ran my eye over the crowd. One can easily do it, as you know from the bridge level. They were not so terrible to look at. The majority were young and had a goey air about them; but there was a very decided leavening of blue stockings. Ladies in mannish hats, collars and vests, dapper little coats, binoculars slung over their shoulders as though they were going to the Derby—you know the sort, so I won't expatiate.

"Well, we got clear of the Thames, and the binoculars saw good service until we began to dance in the swell that rolled down as we opened the Foreland. Then one after another lost interest in outside affairs, and by nightfall the promenade was only troubled by a few, and they lay in deck chairs in a soft kind of stupor.

"Take it all round, we had a very quiet time as far as Gib. After that the fun commenced.

"One afternoon—we had just come out of Algiers—Lady Barraclough arrived on the bridge. She looked me up and down with a kind of supercilious air, and said:

"'Miss Ramsden wishes to exercise her knowledge of navigation, and desires me to say that she will take charge of the ship at four o'clock. After that hour, Captain, we shall be glad if you will consider yourself and your officers as passengers.'

"I stared. Lady Barraclough stared also. The third officer, who was standing near the binnacle, retired to the wing of the bridge, making a queer kind of noise in his throat.

"'I beg your pardon,' said I, 'I scarcely comprehend.'

"She repeated her remarks and I shook my head.

"'You must know,' said I, 'that I can't accede to that.'

"'You have no option, sir,' she replied, 'our Charter-party provides for all contingencies. That is one of the clauses.'

"'If you can prove your case, my lady,' said I, 'I have nothing more to say.'

"Of course she was able to prove it, as she would have proved anything from the iniquity of marriage to a paper on the Law of Storms. She drew a parchment from the case, and pointed out the clause.

"'You see,' she remarked, 'it is written there, in black and white.'

"It was the truth, Murray. My fingers were tied by that forsaken Charter-party. The Company had engaged to permit these females to navigate the ship to such ports as they desired—with only one proviso—that I, the Captain, you comprehend, should act as pilot. I turned to my lady, handing back the paper.

"'It is as you say,' I remarked, 'I can only obey instructions. But, I may as well tell you, that if I had known the conditions, I would have seen the Company further before I agreed to sail the *Southern Cross*. May I ask, madam, who is to take charge?'

"'Miss Ramsden will be in command. She has eight officers with her. Each of them a competent navigator; but, owing to the idiotic action of the Board of Trade, without certificates. We intend to prove to them what women can do. It will be an object lesson to the world.'

"'Of that,' said I, 'there can be no manner of doubt.'

She marched down the ladder at this, and at four o'clock, up came Captain Ramsden

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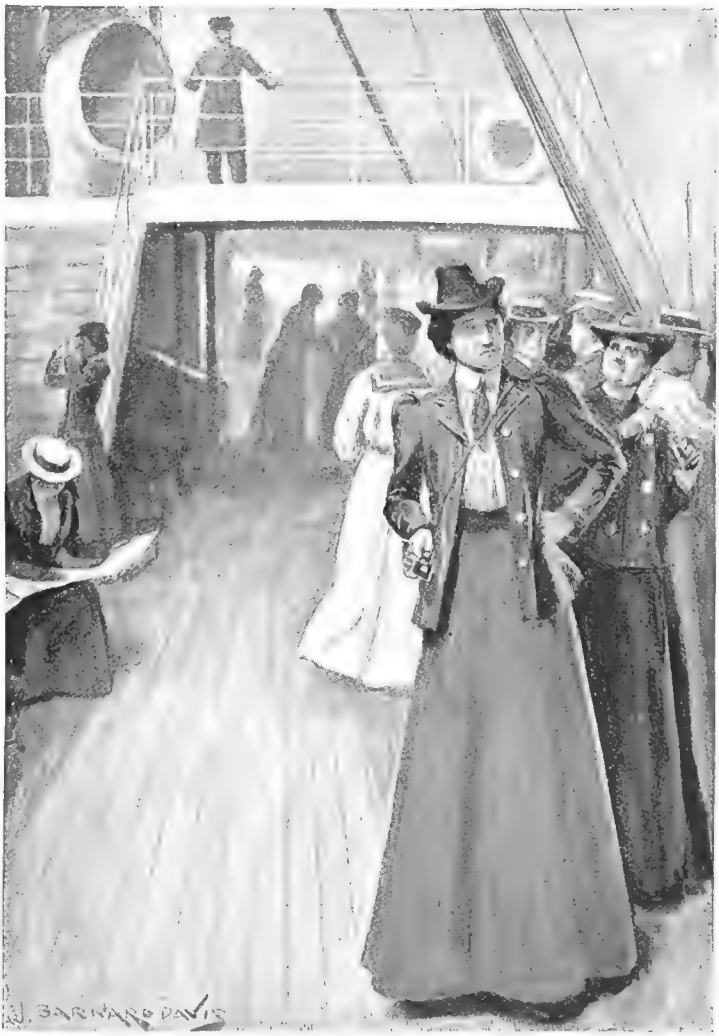
and two other ladies, Miss Cole, the new Chief Officer, and Miss Granger, third. They were dressed in yachting rig, and had enough gold lace and buttons about them to fix the rank of all the officers in the Flying Squadron. I walked up to her and lifted my cap. The new captain raised her gloved hand, and saluted me in reply.

"'I understand,' said I, 'that you are prepared to relieve the deck.'

"She looked puzzled. 'I don't know that the deck required relief,' she said, 'it looks quite strong. But I am prepared to take over the command.'

"'It comes to the same thing,' said I. "'You will, I presume, dispense with the services of the crew also, the engineers and stokers especially seem to require a rest. If you will muster your hands I will arrange to give you full control. But if I may suggest so delicate a matter, I should be more comfortable if the ladies who are to act as firemen and greasers adopt a rig more in conformance with their duties—petticoats you see are apt to——'



I ran my eye over the crowd. The majority were young and had a goey air about them, but there was a decided leavening of blue stockings.

"She waved her hand, flushing with anger.

"'Captain Carragh,' she cried, 'I don't propose to allow any of my friends to do what is obviously menial work. My desire is simply to give the Board of Trade a lesson, and to show them that even in such a matter as navigation, brain for brain, women are as competent as men. The crew will act as they have acted hitherto.'

"'In that case,' said I, "it will be necessary for me to hand them over to your command. Pardon me, I will have them mustered and do the thing in style. The occasion demands it.'

"She made no objection, so, when the crew assembled, I made them a short speech and formally passed them over to Captain Ramsden. There was, as you will guess, some amusement; but I had trained my men to do what they were told and to ask no questions; still, I thought it well, after they had been dismissed, to send the chief officer along to explain that I had no intention of allowing any monkey tricks.

"Nor was I prepared to allow these cranks to run the show lone-handed. I sent for my officers and explained my plans. The four

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mates were to take the place of Quartermasters, two of whom happened to be close shaven. The second and chief agreed to sacrifice their beards; the third and fourth stood as they were, and we trusted to the adoption of shades and the different rig, to keep the matter from the new Commanders.

"They say that women lack a sense of humour. I am sure they lack observation, or they would have noticed the change, especially as I thought it necessary to keep the old Quartermasters under my eye in the smoke-room. I dressed these men in the uniforms of my officers, and they did their best to adapt themselves to circumstances, even to the length of an eyeglass which the fourth officer, who was a bit of a swell, always wore when off duty.

"My Aunt! you should have seen the frills those maids put on. I had no notion that navigation was so important, or that navigators were so interesting. Our new officers saluted, walked the bridge with a telescope tucked under their wing, gazed into the compass, knit their brows, and waved orders to the helmsman, as to the manner born. But this was sheer child play compared with the attention they gave to the sun, moon, and stars. Toby Slade, our original fourth officer, came from the bridge one afternoon as near hysterics as I have ever seen a man; he said that the officers had taken forty-seven sets of sights. It was more than he could stand.

"But to get along. We visited Tunis, Malta, Naples, Palermo, and half-a-dozen other ports safely enough. I did the navigation going in and out of harbour, and engaged pilots when necessity arose. Of course my officers at the wheel kept us clear of passing shipping. Directly a light was sighted they arranged to leave it at a comfortable distance, and the ladies were so busy preening their wings and consulting which star they should shoot next, that they neglected the compass in a fashion that would have scandalised Lloyd's, and sent the premiums sky-high. Indeed our captain gave it as her opinion, that she considered the danger attributed to passing vessels had been greatly over-rated. I smiled, I wasn't giving any advice then. I was waiting for cloudy weather and the tail end of a gale of wind.

"You see," she remarked, "it is written there in black and white."

"These came shortly after we left Messina and headed across the wide stretch of sea between the Island and Candia. Captain Ramsden had a notion of circumnavigating Candia, passing on the south round by the Kupho Nisi and Cape Sidero to Khamia, where we were to anchor while the ladies went ashore to study the Cretan Question, which was at that time just beginning to be talked about.

"Well, there was nothing to hinder them. I couldn't have interfered if they had proposed a trip to the Sea of Aral; but I shut my teeth, for the wind was coming up wet as a fog, and there was every appearance of a snorter from the S.W.

"We were well clear of the land and going on a bee line for Gavdo light, when the night closed in with thin rain and more than a capful of wind. It blew in vicious

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gusts by midnight, and the ladies were, I knew, about as comfortable as a colony of hens afloat in a tub. So was I for that matter. Still I intended they should be the first to cry for help, and I am not sorry I let things go, for the morning saw us still afloat, plunging along in as lively a sea as the Mediterranean can kick up in that region.

"I calculated that at our speed we should strike Gavdo light about midnight, and so no doubt we would, but our navigators were all astray now the sun and stars had decided they were being ill-used, and had made a trifling error of some twenty miles in their dead reckoning.

"I was in the smoke room, and had been sitting up and walking the after-deck pretty evenly. I intended to keep about, but towards eleven o'clock I fancy I must have dozed, for the next thing I remember was Miss Collins, the fifth officer, leaning over me, doing her utmost to steady her voice. She was the best of the crowd, and I felt pleased that she had called me, and got up slowly, asking what was wrong.

"'There is nothing absolutely wrong, Captain Carragh,' she replied, 'but I do wish you would come on deck.'

"'Has Captain Ramsden sent for me?' I questioned.

"'No, and——I——I——don't think she would like me——to——to——'

"'There,' said I. 'Don't you fret. I am glad you woke me, but I shall not come up until I am required.'

"'But, indeed, I think you should come,' she returned. 'The wind is awfully high ——and——and I don't think we know quite what to do.'

"'The wind won't hurt,' said I. 'Depend upon it I will come if I consider there is danger. Besides I can rely on my quartermaster.'

"'That's just it,' she replied, 'the quartermaster has been put in irons for refusing to obey orders.'

"'You don't say so. 'Pon my word I like your captain's grit.'

"'Yes, and he says we are 'going ashore,' and begged me to call you. Do come, Captain Carragh.'

"'I would do more than that,' said I, 'to hear that pretty quaver in your voice. Come, why did they put him in irons?'

"'He refused to steer a course Miss Ramsden set.'

"'I will be there at once,' I replied. 'No, I won't mention your name in it. Cut along to the bridge if you are on watch.'

"She squeezed my hand and hurried away, doing her level best to hide the tears I knew were in her eyes.

"I arrived on the bridge a few minutes later. All hands were up: eight officers and Captain Ramsden, with Lady Barraclough by her side. Two were watching the compass. The rest were staring through their binoculars at different points of the horizon. The night was as black as my hat, and the wind seemed to have veered to the north'ard of west.

"I came to the binnacle and opened the slide. The ship was heading due North, instead of S. 75 E.

"'Hah!' said I, 'that accounts for the wind and the irons.'

"I crossed the bridge and came to the commander.

"'How long have you been steering this course, Madam?' I questioned.

"She turned on her heel with a gesture of impatience.

"'Captain Carragh!' she cried, 'will you kindly leave the navigation to me?'

"'I will,' said I, 'if you promise not to endanger the lives of all hands with your experiments. Pardon me, this is fool-talk. Hard-a-starboard. Let her come round to South.'

"Now you know a man can't fight a woman. I knew it also, and might just as well have saved my breath; for I had no sooner given the order than the ladies crowded round me and trod on my toes and hustled me with extraordinary deliberation. I backed out of the way. They had one of their Amazons at the wheel, who would take no notice of my order. They said it was so like a man to push ladies, and rely on brute strength and intimidation. They were surprised at the conduct of one whom they had hitherto supposed to be a gentleman.

"In short I was made to see my failings with dazzling clearness, and was jolly glad to get down into the quiet to straighten out my wits. This didn't take a week, for I had grasped enough in those few minutes to understand that we were going full tilt for the shore, and that the lady navigators were a high-class brand of active lunatics.

"I gathered my officers out of their nests and sent one to call the crew; another I dispatched with a message to the engineer; and with Lovatt, the second, I got away aft and prepared to throw the after steering gear into work, and to disconnect the bridge engine.

"I had no mind to create a scandal you

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understand. I just wanted to show my ladies I was not the man whose corns could be trodden on with impunity. But, as you are aware, all these things couldn't be done in a moment; indeed it may have been fifteen minutes from the time I left the bridge before we were ready. Then I sent a verbal message to the engineer to go dead slow and to heed no bridge telegraphs. Almost at the same instant a loud cry came across the decks from the lookout:

"'Breakers close ahead!'

"I dropped my tools and hurried away to the bridge.

"'Go full speed astern!' I shouted, 'Hard over with the helm—hard a-starboard!'

"No good, Murray. The engineer refused to heed the telegraph. He continued slow ahead in obedience to my orders, and before I recollected the hash I had made in my hurry, we were climbing comfortably up the sandy beach under Candia.

"You may reckon there was a pretty considerable flutter among the petticoats on that bridge. Some were crying, others giving orders which no one obeyed. Someone said it was a new island; another that we had struck a whale; another that the compasses were all wrong, but Captain Ramsden kept her head.

"'Hands go to boat stations!' she cried, 'Some of you serve out the life belts.'

"I had taken our bearings by this time, and saw that we were lying quietly. There was no immediate hurry, so I turned on my heel and went to the smoke room. My officers joined me, together with the chief engineer. We got out our pipes and began to smoke. Presently a quick footstep sounded and the door was flung open. Miss Cole, the first officer, stood in the gap.

"'Captain Carragh!' she cried. 'Miss Ramsden has sent me to request your presence on the bridge.'

"'Nay,' said I, 'I am no use there. Let Captain Ramsden come to me if she wants advice.'

"'I don't think that is a gentlemanly remark,' said Miss Cole.

"'From the pilot to the captain, who has got himself into a mess,' said I, 'it is just permissible.'

"She shut the door with a slam and left us to our tobacco. I had determined to read Miss Ramsden a lesson, and, although I was far from easy, I knew there was no danger of our going to pieces in a minute. Indeed, the ship seemed to have found the softest spot on the whole of Candia Beach.

"Twice during the night further messages were sent, but I refused to budge, and when daybreak arrived I went on deck and took bearings. We were lying on a sloping beach. The wind had veered, and we were nearly becalmed under the lee of the high mountains. The ship had, perhaps, five degrees of list—there was no danger. I felt I had the game in my own hands.

"Towards noon a fishing-boat bore down upon us and offered to stand by. I called the skipper on deck and gave him a message for my directors. He saw the women on the bridge as he went ashore, and doubtless put me down for an amiable maniac. Again, on his departure, Captain Ramsden sent for me, and her message was backed by an emphatic order from Lady Barraclough. I took no heed. Then during the afternoon the navigators sent a boat's crew away with a kedge. They might with equal effect have harnessed a mosquito to the ship's stern. They hove on it until it parted, but the ship never moved. Then, as it was growing dusk, Miss Ramsden and Lady Barraclough came aft to interview me. I received them politely and offered them chairs in the smoke room, but they preferred to remain outside. They ordered me to come on deck and get the ship off. I shrugged my shoulders, and said it was no part of a pilot's duty to undo the mischief done by reckless navigation, and suggested they should signal for a high-powered tug. The ladies now looked really frightened.

"'If the tide leaves us,' said Miss Ramsden, 'we may turn over. I think you should render us some assistance.'

"'Pardon,' said I. 'The tide doesn't ebb in the Mediterranean. The ship will take no further harm.'

"'But we want to go on,' they cried together. 'It is monstrous to expect us to remain here.'

"'Pardon again,' said I. "You put her here. I should have supposed you would be competent to get her off.'

"They argued, ordered, then fell back on entreaty. It was unmanly, ungentlemanly, cruel, they said, they did not expect I could act in such a manner. I said I was weary of life, and only desired that they should leave me alone to die. By their action I was a ruined man. I dared not face the Board of Trade inquiry which would be held when we returned.

"They said there need be no inquiry. I insisted that it could not be avoided and they retired to think matters over. An hour

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later they came to me. It was now quite dark, and the wind was moaning uncomfortably over the snow-clad mountains.

"They said they were very sorry for what had occurred. They recognised that they had made an error of judgment, and begged me to let bygones be bygone. I rose from my chair, and said there was no occasion for further apology. I was prepared to resume command and to get the ship off, provided we had no repetition of what had passed. That ended the matter. I took charge, reinstated my officers, put the quartermaster back into the wheel house and set to work.

"But the thing was not easy. I took soundings all round the vessel, and the following day hoisted signals to a passing collier, bargained for a price, and when he was ready, came astern on my engines. After about two hours steaming we succeeded in floating the vessel into deep water. Here we halted a spell to test her, but as the wells kept dry we knew we had sustained no great damage.

She squeezed my hand and hurried away.

"Three days later I put her in dock in Alexandria. Luckily there was not a great deal to do, but that bit of navigation cost the Women's Rights Association just over £5,000, and a paragraph appeared in the papers explaining the matter on scientific grounds. It is the case you quote.

"It announced in so many words that the compasses of the *Southern Cross* had been so greatly deflected by the ironstone rocks of Candia and Greece that she had gone ashore. It further warned mariners of this peril which hitherto had only been guessed at, but which now, owing to the able explanation of Captain Carragh, had been placed beyond dispute.

"Before we came out of dock I asked Miss Collins to the bridge.

"'I am interested on one point,' I said. 'Will you tell me what induced Miss Ramsden to steer the ship away to the North as she did?'

"She looked half ashamed.

"'I fear you only wish to laugh at us,' she replied.

"'Not at all,' I replied, 'for my opinion of your navigation before the accident could not be higher.'

"She thanked me.

"'Well, you see, we knew you were on the look-out for bad workmanship, and Miss Ramsden was certain of her distance. She said we must be within range of the light on Gavdo—that she would sight it just to show you she could navigate as well without observations as with them. So we steered to find it.'

"And if you doubt this yarn, Murray, just go in and ask my wife. She knows all about it. In point of fact, before she married me, her name was Elsie Collins."

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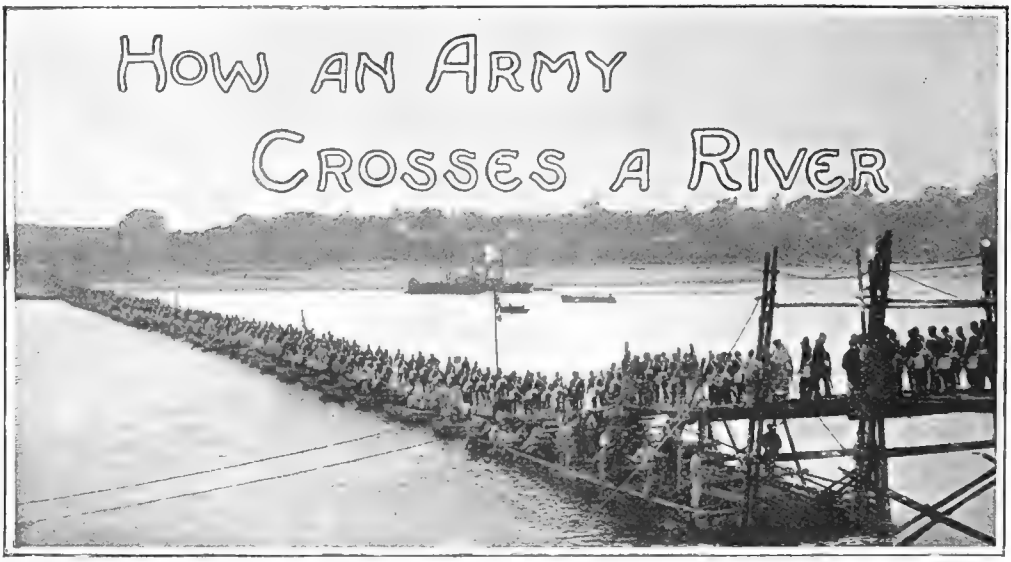
How an Army Crosses a River



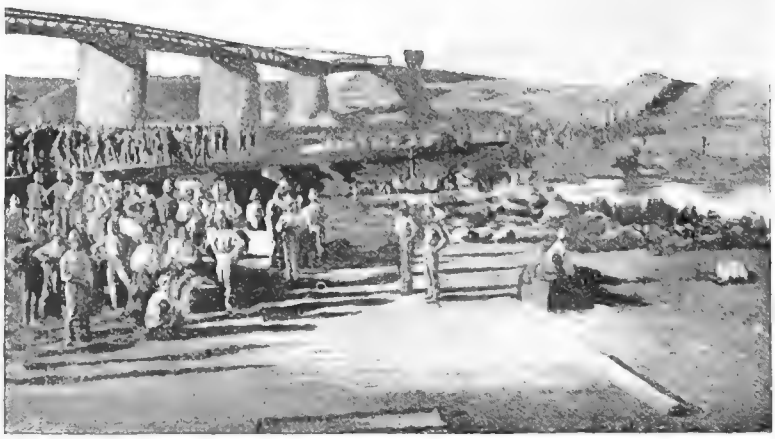
From a Photo.

Troops crossing the Medway on a pontoon bridge identical in length and character with that by which General Warren and his men crossed the Tugela.

By Charles Ray.

One cannot have read the news of the present war, published in the various and weekly journals, without realising the very important part which the Royal Engineers have played in that war. Specially have their services been needed when rivers have barred the way of an advancing army. At the Modder for instance, after the Boers had been defeated, it was found that before they retired, they had destroyed the fine stone and iron bridge which spanned the river from side to side. A temporary bridge had therefore, to be erected, so that the army might pass over and continue its advance.

There are some six or seven kinds of temporary military bridges which according to circumstances, can be made to span a piece of water in the line of march of a body of troops. Of course, if a river is shallow, and a suitable ford can be found, the men march through and do not wait for the erection of a bridge. In South Africa, however, such fords are few and far between. It is not enough that the water on being tested shall be found to be shallow. The nature of the river bed has to be taken into considera-



From a Photo.

The pontoon bridge across the Modder River over which Lord Methuen's troops passed. The bridge destroyed by the Boers is also seen.

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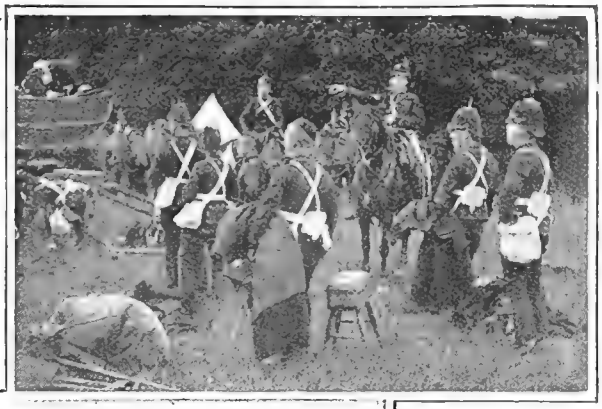
tion, and if the latter is sandy or muddy very few troops are able to pass before the tramping will have stirred up the river bottom. If there is any current the matter thus silted up is carried away and at every step the river becomes deeper, so that what was formerly a ford, has soon ceased to be so.

The most common form of military bridge is a pontoon. To describe in detail how such a bridge is made would be tedious, many readers having no doubt had the privilege of observing the operation on a small scale at the Military Tournament which is held at Islington every year, whilst those readers who live near garrison towns and manœuvre grounds, have, in all probability, seen the local rivers bridged by a pontoon detachment in a very short space of time. The photograph at the beginning of this article, shows a large body of British troops crossing a pontoon bridge constructed across the River Medway at Chatham.

It is interesting to note that this form of bridge is merely an improved bridge of boats such as that with which Xerxes is said to have spanned the Helles-



The building of a pontoon bridge by a detachment of troops. (1). Unloading the waggons.

(2). Laying part of the floor of the bridge while a third pontoon is being pushed out.

(3). Putting the side pieces in position.

pont. In fact, it is very doubtful whether the weights which a pontoon bridge has to carry, in the way of artillery and ammunition waggons are any heavier now than they were in the days when every soldier was mail-clad. The bridge shown in our heading-photograph is about the same length as that over which a large

Photos by R. Thiele & Co.

(4) Finishing touches.

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portion of General Buller's force crossed the Tugela.

Another form of floating bridge which is largely used by the military authorities, is that known as a "cask" bridge. Ordinary beer or water casks are lashed together in such a way as to form a very good substitute for pontoons. Such bridges are very useful in their way, as temporary expedients for crossing small streams. The work of making a cask bridge may seem more or less simple to the ordinary lay mind, but most elaborate directions are given in the Manual of Military Engineering for such work. The size of the casks, the material of which they are made, their bouyancy and a score of other things, have to be taken into consideration, and really more ingenuity and skill are required in making these casks float than in connecting the pontoons together.

Photo by R. Thiele & Co.

(6). Cavalry crossing.

Photo by R. Thiele & Co.

(5). Infantry crossing.

photograph shows a type of suspension bridge, the construction of which, is a marvel of ingenuity and speed. The type of bridge here shown is put up when it is necessary that it should remain for a number of weeks or even months. Such a bridge, can be constructed over a span of 150ft. by sixty men in about fifteen hours.

Of course, the building of a military bridge during peace manœuvres is little more than child's play to the wonderfully skilled engineer whose duty it is to take this kind of work. But very different do the brave men find it to fulfil their duties in the

Photo by R. Thiele & Co.

A detachment of Horse Guards making a barrel bridge.

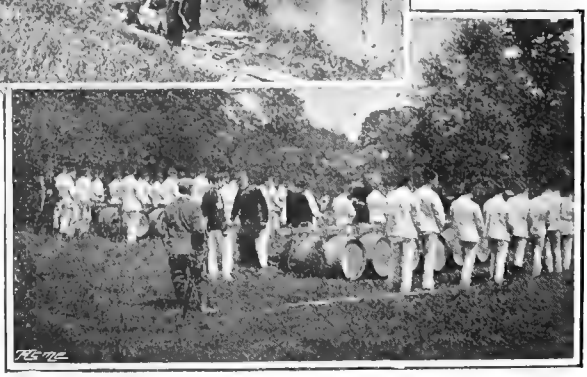

Photo by A. H. Fry.

A barrel bridge competition, such as is very common in the Army. The men have completed the "piers," and are waiting for the word to run forward and launch.

A third form of bridge used when only a small ravine or stream is to be crossed, is the tressle-bridge. It is made in various ways, according to the character of the river, but is of a far more permanent character when finished than either of the floating bridges described. Our last

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face of the enemy in South Africa. The mere idea that an attempt will be made to bridge a river over a certain place is enough to draw a galling volley of fire over that place and many gallant fellows lost their lives before the bridges were made

Photo by Cummings.

A treble sling bridge built over a span of 80ft. by 60 men in 13 hours.

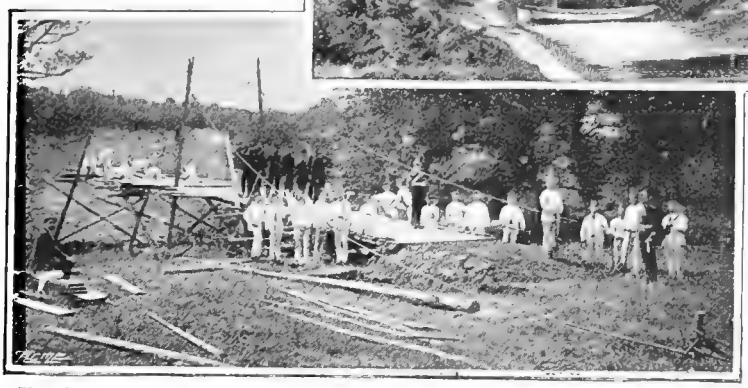


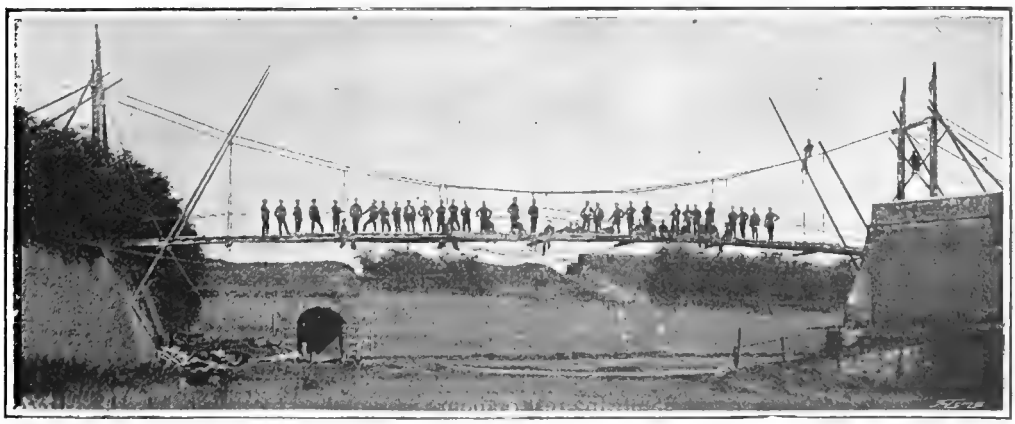
Photo by A. H. Fry.

Another kind of span bridge.

a bridge if its length is at all great, but very often such implements are not handy when required. Here the ingenuity of the engineer comes into play, and such substitutes as a couple of pick-axes lashed together, nets filled with stones, and heavy weights, often do duty as anchors. We at home have very little idea of what is due to the sappers of the Queen for their splendid work in the South African Campaign. It is to a large extent, by their aid, that marches have been carried out expeditiously and comfortably.

which enabled Her Majesty's troops to proceed on their march to Pretoria. Further, the mere mechanical work is by no means all that has to be taken into consideration, it is the duty of the officer in command of the detachment to select the place to be bridged. The approaches have to be suitable, and amongst other items which have to be taken into consideration, are the nature of the banks, the strength of the current, and the probability and extent of floods. Anchors are often used for steadying

The thoroughness with which they perform their tasks needs no further proof than the fact that accidents never occur through faulty or badly made bridges.



From a Photo.

A suspension bridge constructed over a span of 150ft. in 15 hours by 60 men.

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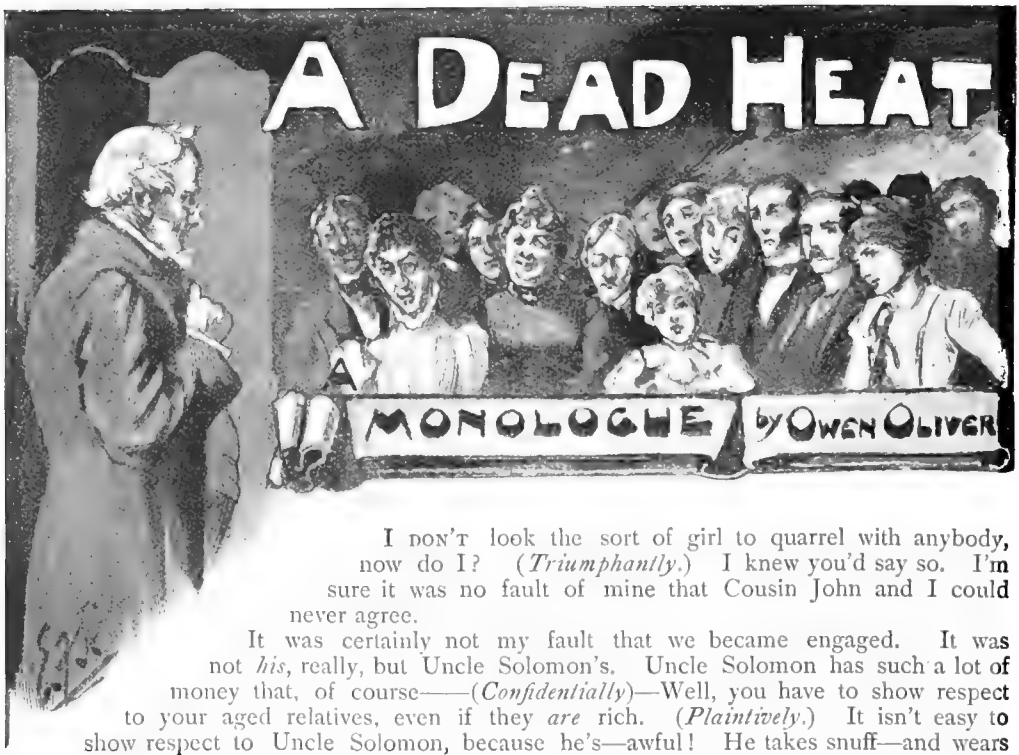

I DON'T look the sort of girl to quarrel with anybody, now do I? (*Triumphantly.*) I knew you'd say so. I'm sure it was no fault of mine that Cousin John and I could never agree.

It was certainly not my fault that we became engaged. It was not *his*, really, but Uncle Solomon's. Uncle Solomon has such a lot of money that, of course——(*Confidentially*)—Well, you have to show respect to your aged relatives, even if they *are* rich. (*Plaintively.*) It isn't easy to show respect to Uncle Solomon, because he's—awful! He takes snuff—and wears great, ugly glasses—and looks at you over them. Like this, and walks like this—(*imitates a portly and pompous old gentleman*)—and talks as if he knows all about everything. (*Laughs.*) That is why we call him Solomon. It isn't his real name, of course.

But I was going to tell you about Cousin John. I don't know how to describe him exactly. Tall, dark, determined-looking, rather big features, an easy, confident way when he speaks. Handsome? Oh *dear* no! Some people think he's clever. He thinks so himself. (*Emphatically.*) *I* don't. That was how we quarrelled. He was always telling me that I ought not to do things that I did. (*Scornfully.*) I knew just as well as he that I ought not to do them!

We hadn't spoken for—(*impressively*)—four days, when we met at Uncle Solomon's. He had asked all his nephews and nieces to spend the week after Christmas with him. There were thirty-eight, without John and me. It was dreadfully trying. You can't like all your cousins. Most of mine are worse than John. I told him so.

"Is that intended to be complimentary to me?" he asked.

"No," I said. "It is intended to be very uncomplimentary to them."

I meant to make him cross, but he only smiled. He is most provokingly good-tempered. As we hadn't any better cousins, he suggested we'd better be friends again. (*Looks thoughtfully at her shoes.*) I didn't want to be disagreeable—I never do!—so I had to agree; but I knew it couldn't last.

The second day of our visit Uncle Solomon called us all together in the library, and made a speech. "Unfortunately," he said, "he had a good deal of money, and some day he would have to leave it to some one. He did not believe in institutions. They were all swindles." Everybody looked pleased. "But he had always told our mothers and fathers that he wouldn't leave a farthing to them." Everyone looked grieved. "He was a man of his word. So he was going to leave his money to one of us. We were probably no more undeserving than any one else," he explained politely. "So we could all consider ourselves on probation for the rest of the week."

You could see the sort of people the rest of them were by the way they behaved. (*Mockingly.*) "Dear Uncle!" "Kind Uncle!" "So just!" "So equitable!" (*Furiously.*)

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It makes me perfectly mad when I think of Fanny Eastlake taking his arm and saying she would not care a bit about the money, if he would only like *her*. The two-faced minx! Do you know she had actually been making eyes at John! (*Feelingly.*) John isn't two-faced, anyhow.

He is very silly though. What do you think he did? Just stood up before them all, and said that if these were the conditions of our visit, he would take his leave. He looked so big and strong that he made me feel as stupid as himself; and I just stood up beside him and said, "So will I."

Directly I had said it I felt frightened. I knew mamma would be simply *wild* when she heard. But, to my surprise, Uncle Solomon made us both a bow.

"Do me the favour of staying on as my friends — not as relatives," he asked.

John looked as if he was going to say something unpleasant, but I knocked his elbow and whispered:

"I shall catch it if I go home; and I *can't* stay alone."

So he just stroked his moustache for a moment, then he said, "Very well, sir," and we stayed.

We were thrown together a lot after that. You see, we couldn't have anything to do with the others. It was no use quarrelling under the circumstances; and John really made himself rather nice. He told me I was a pluckly little girl. (*Sighs.*) I don't believe he had ever approved of anything I did before.

When the week was up we had another surprise. Uncle Solomon sent all the rest off, and asked us to stay. Then he called us into his study.

You are a pair of young fools," he said. (*Laughs.*)

You should have seen John glare! He thinks *I* am young and foolish, but *he* is old and sensible. Ha, ha, ha! "But you have some independence of character. In my experience those who know how to do without money know best how to do *with* it. So

John *never* failed to seize me when he heard Uncle coming.

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I have decided to leave my money to one of you. The question is—which?"

John jumped up to say something, but the old man cut him short.

"I intend to settle the difficulty in my own way—or rather to leave it to Providence. My fortune shall go to whichever of you is first engaged to be married."

I was too bewildered for speech, but John wasn't.

"Suppose," he said, shrugging his shoulders, "it's a dead heat."

"Then," said Uncle Solomon, "the stakes must be divided. But." He shook his finger at us savagely. "I am not to be deluded by any arrangement, remember. I shall ensure that the engagements are genuine."

"How?" I inquired curiously.

"By keeping the lovers under observation for a fortnight," he chuckled. "If I see any signs of dissimulation——!"

"But suppose they break it off afterwards?"

"I will take my chance of that. After the fortnight I shall announce my decision, and shall not alter. I am a man of my word." Then he went out, and John and I were left staring at each other.

"My dear Cis," he said at last, "we shall have to be engaged for a fortnight, don't you see?"

"I shan't do anything so absurd."

"Very well." He made for the door. "I shall wire to Fanny." He looked at his watch. "There is just time to get an answer to-night." I glared at him, and he came slowly back and put his great hand on my shoulder. "I'd rather go shares, Cis."

"I—you—I—will—if you like," I said. "But, oh! How *dare* you, sir!" (*Stamps her foot.*)

"My dear girl——"

"I'm not your 'dear girl'!"

"But you'll have to pretend to be—for a fortnight."

Upon reflection I saw that he was right. So we told Uncle Solomon—and pretended. I must say that John is a very good actor. (*Laughs.*) In fact he is almost *too* thorough. He is so conscientious in all he does, you know! Why the silly fellow made me sit with his arm round my waist all one morning. "Uncle Solomon might come in at any moment," he said, "or be watching us from somewhere."

Of course, I had to pretend a little—just a very little. (*Confidentially.*) Do you know, I don't think I did my part so badly. Anyhow, between us we completely deceived poor old Uncle Solomon. He would rush in and catch me in John's arms—John *never* failed to seize me when he heard uncle coming. *Sometimes*—he thought uncle was coming when he wasn't. He used to chuckle when he caught us, and take snuff—ugh! and go out. He called us his "love-birds." He *is* so stupid!

At last the fortnight was over. It was a great relief. I told John that we need not pretend any more; but he said we had better continue till the will was signed. So I gave way. "I shan't ever speak to you afterwards," I warned him.

About two days later, we were sitting in the library—pretending—when Uncle Solomon came in and banged a document upon the table.

"There," he said, "is the will—signed. I shall not alter it now, even if you have played the fool with me. I am a man of my word."

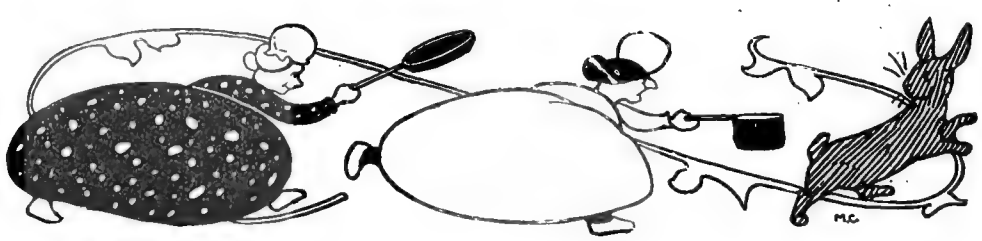
"So," said John, "am I." He put his arm round me, I tried to get away—at least, I tried to try!

"Umph!" growled uncle. "Then you were not pretending?"

"No-o; but Cis was, weren't you Cis?" He wanted to make me look at him, but I wouldn't.

"I *was*," I said, "but—oh John!"

(*Solemnly.*) Don't you think men are terribly deceitful.



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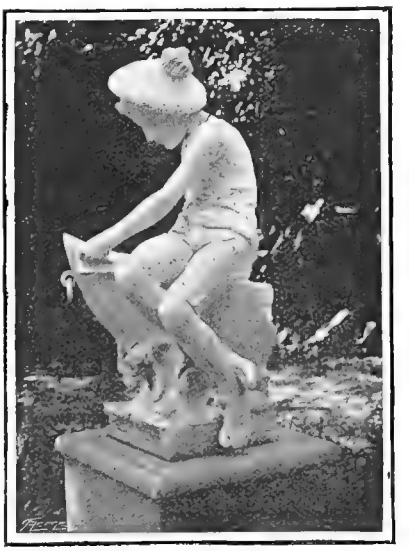
A Future Rival of Monte Carlo

By E. M. Lynch.

Illustrated with Photographs by Borri and Figlio.

I trust that most people will agree with me in thinking that one Casino like that of Monte Carlo is amply sufficient for this small planet, and will hear with regret that in all likelihood another is to be opened to the public some time during the next year. Since the German Government put a stop to the Hamburg Gambling Houses, Monte Carlo has practically been without a rival. Of course, in Paris and other large towns there are gambling houses, but these, with the exception of the Kursaal at Ostend, are small and of the strictest private nature. The future rival of Monte Carlo—and a very redoubtable rival it is likely to prove—is the late Empress of Austria's palace at Corfu, which has lately been bought by an Austrian Syndicate from the Imperial Family.



The beautiful statue of the "Young Sailor."

It was shortly after the tragic death of her eldest son, the Crown Prince Rudolf, that the Empress of Austria went to Corfu to recruit her health after the shock that dreadful event had given it. Highly strung by nature, the Empress was very near to losing her mind. It is said that often during the months which followed the Prince's suicide, she used to carry about a doll—fondling it and calling it the Crown Prince.

A statue of Byron in the grounds.

In this precarious state of mind, she was sent to Corfu, and whilst staying at the Hotel de Saint George, on the Esplanade, the idea of building a palace on a certain beautiful spot close to the town, occurred to her. The idea was soon put into execution, and the Achilleon, as the palace is called, began to take shape with marvellous rapidity.

The Empress, while the Achilleon was still in the course of construction, was very fond of making trips to various elevations along the coast, from which she could view her future residence. The Fortezza

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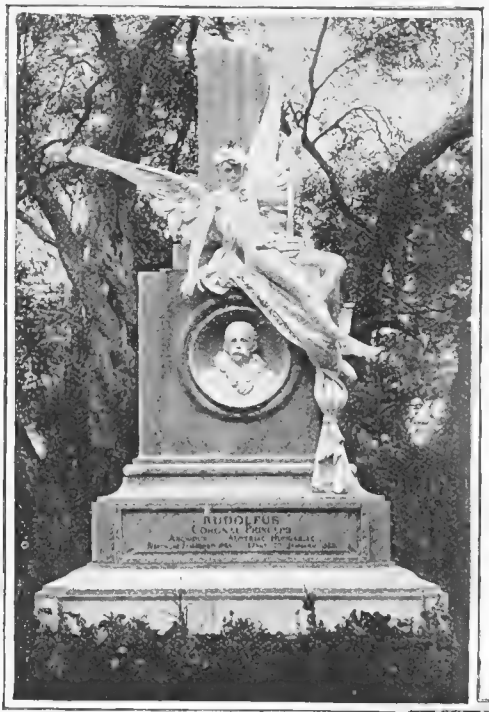

The monument of the Crown Prince Rudolf, to whom the palace was erected as a memorial.

Vecchia, a lighthouse in the vicinity of Corfu, was one of her favourite haunts. She delighted in climbing up the long ladder which led to the lantern room and going out upon the balcony surrounding it. When I was in Corfu lately, I crept up this same ladder, and having reached the lanthorn room complained a little of the steepness of the journey. The quaint old keeper of the lighthouse said, "It was good enough for the Empress of Austria; she was always here; she loved the view and the fine air." What he did not tell me was that one day, soon after her arrival in Corfu, the old man was pointing out to her the various residences. "There is 'Mon Repos,' lady," he explained; "it is the King's country house, and that is the road to Cannone," and so forth.

"And to whom does that white house belong?" asked the Empress, pointing to the Achilleon, then only in its genesis.

"Ah, to some foreigner," he answered; "I don't well remember the name, but they say she is a mad woman."

Later on, when the Achilleon had reached completion and had become practically the

The magnificent Heine temple.

The north front of the Achilleon, with the statue of Achilles.

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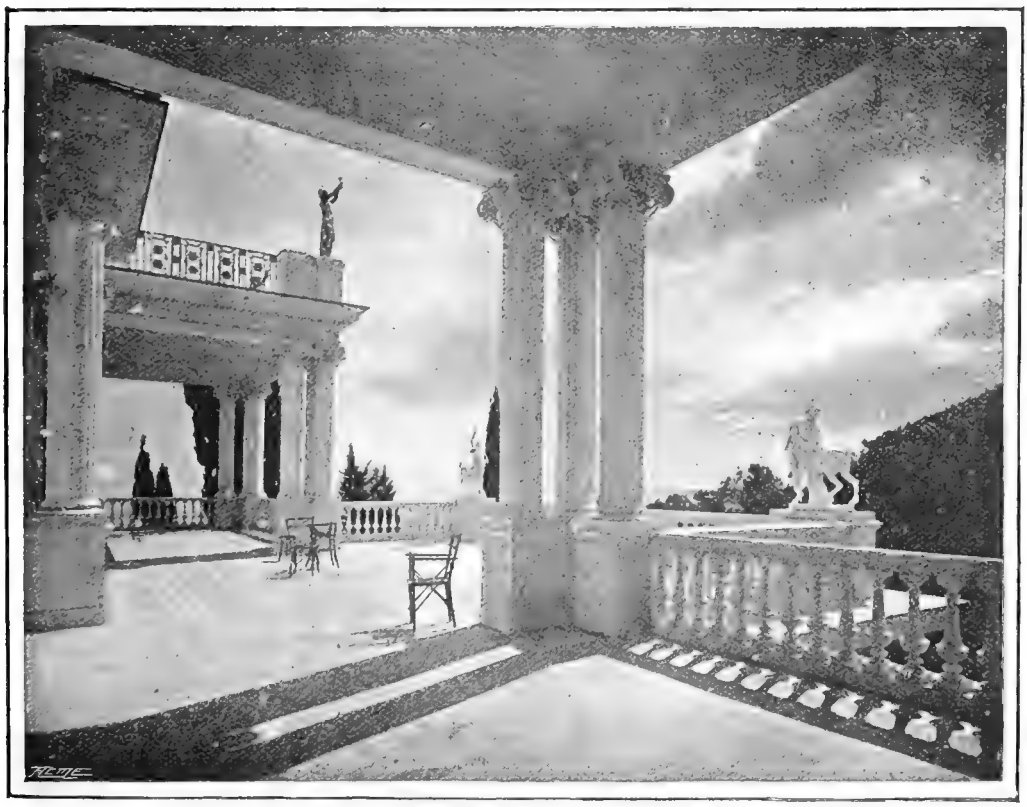

The terrace of the Achilleon is perhaps the most splendid work of any modern architect.

Empress's home, her neighbours, Greek peasants and fishermen mostly, got to think of her very differently. The Empress was the least conventional of women, and, as a Sovereign, little short of eccentric. Not only did she go among these peasants and fisher-folk as though they were her equals, but she truly made friends with them. This at first astonished the simple folk not a little, and there was a good deal of embarrassment on their side at least, before they became accustomed to the Empress and her ways and manners. On one occasion she is said to have stopped, during one of her long walks, to watch a rosy peasant girl plying the distaff, which is quaintly enough still in use in Corfu and some parts of Greece. Feeling interested, she entered the cabin where the girl was at work, and, drawing up a wooden stool, seated herself. The peasant girl, terribly bewildered and embarrassed, refused to sit down in the Empress's presence, and found it quite impossible to continue her work. "What nonsense," replied the Empress to the other's faltered protest, "why should I not visit you? Why should you not sit down? Why should you be afraid? After all, are we not both women? And you in a sense the superior, for your hands can do that of which mine are incapable."

As to the Achilleon itself, how is one to describe it? The coast on which it stands is perhaps the most beautiful and romantic in Europe. The sea, which it overlooks, is certainly the loveliest. The palace is built entirely of the purest white marble, marble such as we English who have not been in Greece and Italy cannot conceive. The statues in our squares and museums have become a travesty of the beautiful stone of which they are carved, dirty and discoloured as they have become with fog and mud and rain. In the south of Europe, marble never loses its blinding whiteness, and the Achilleon can be plainly seen miles away at sea, when a building of similar size, say, of red sandstone, would be no more visible than a peasant's hut. The grounds surrounding the palace, are worthy of the building, and are now being extended and elaborately done up,

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so as to rival the beautiful grounds surrounding the Casino at Monte Carlo.

In an accompanying photograph we give a view of the corner of one of the rooms, and very gorgeous and very beautiful it is with its costly ceiling painting and beautiful illuminations. Observe the latter — those small cupids on either side of the door. On the left, they are blowing bubbles, each bubble being a separate lamp.

Perhaps, the many statues which the Empress has either commissioned famous sculptors to carve, or bought from various collections in all parts of Europe, form one of the chief attractions of the Achilleon. To take the most noteworthy, the monument erected in memory of her son. It was designed by a famous Italian sculptor, and the figure of Death, the idea for which the Empress is said to have suggested herself, has become famous all over the world. Indeed it is a strange and novel thought which has made Death appear as a handsome and beautiful youth, an idea which strikes one as all the stranger when we recollect the Empress's melancholy state of mind when the monument was being designed. The portrait bust of the Crown Prince is said to be photographic in its realism. It shows the Prince as he appeared shortly before his death.

Equally beautiful, though scarcely so original in conception is the statue of Achilles. The Greek hero is shown just after he had been struck down by the fatal arrow; he is attempting to draw it from his heel, and all his sinews are tense with effort, and his toes bent back as in agony.

There is another classic statue close to a wonderful grotto near the sea. This represents a gladiator who has been worsted, and, in a crouching posture, is striving to shield himself with his broken glaive from an impending blow. The Heine monument already alluded to, is the work of a German sculptor, and stands on the verge of the sea — indeed, the steps which are shown in the photograph lead directly to the shore. Charming, also, is the statue of a French sailor boy. It was a great favourite with the late Empress, and is said to have been the work of a young sculptor with whom her son was on terms of close intimacy.

I hear that the majority of these statues, together with many of the exquisite paintings which adorn the interior of the palace, will, in all probability, be removed before the Achilleon has been opened to the public.

The dining-room. The soap bubbles blown by the cupids on the walls and the eggs in the nests of the decorations are the electric lamps for lighting the room.

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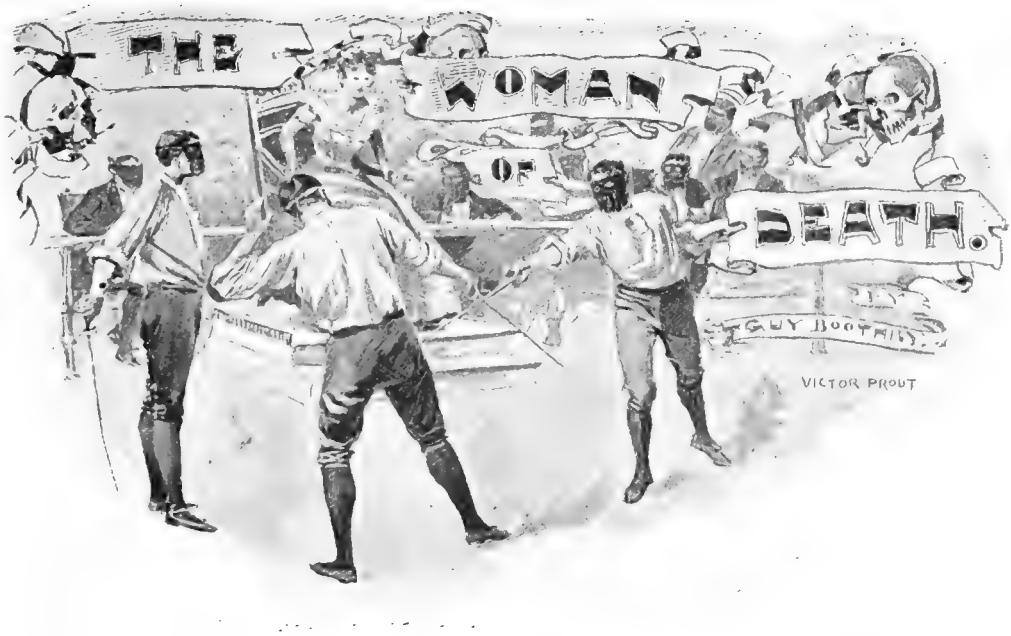

CHAPTER XI.

It was a warm morning and Cécile reclined in a long, low chair under a silk awning on the terrace of Middlesborough Villa outside Monte Carlo. The blue Mediterranean sparkled and danced before her, and she was filled with a great content. She had now been married three days and not a shadow, not even the faintest suspicion of a crumpled rose leaf, had been allowed to disturb her peace. Middlesborough had driven into Monte Carlo on business, and she did not expect him to return until after mid-day. When, therefore, he made his appearance somewhat sooner than was expected, and she heard his step upon the terrace, she rose to greet him with a surprised and happy look upon her face. How sweet and graceful she was as she stood before him, dressed from head to foot in white, and with an antique silver girdle encircling her waist.

"You have not been long," she said. "Your horses must have travelled very quickly?"

"I grudge every moment I spend away from you," he answered. "In that case one must employ fast horses."

She patted his hand lovingly.

"You talk like this and you have already been three days married?" she said, with a smile. "Three whole days! Why, it scarcely seems as many hours."

"You are happy, then, Cècile?"

"More than happy," she replied. "I am so happy that sometimes I feel as if it could not last."

Middlesborough winced, and her quick eyes saw that, for some reason her answer troubled him. She questioned him upon the subject.

"There is nothing the matter," he answered. "It pains me to think that you should even suppose that there might ever be an end. I must not leave you alone again."

"I suppose I am very foolish," she said. "But, Evelyn, you do not realise how much you are to me. What you could have seen in me to make you love me as you do I cannot think. You have known so many far more beautiful women. No," she said, holding up her hand, "don't interrupt me. You are going to say that there can be none so beautiful as I am. But that is not true. There is Madame de Chevilhac, Princess Petrovski, and Lady Gwendoline Westford. They are all much prettier than I am; and far more accomplished. Why did you not marry one of them?"

"For several good and sufficient reasons," he answered. "Madame de Chevilhac is already married, and, while a most delightful companion, she is scarcely the lady I should choose for my wife. Princess Petrovski is of royal blood, and would have nothing to do with me, even if I were to ask her; Lady

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Gwendoline Westford, for numberless reasons, is out of the question altogether. As for your judgment upon their abilities, I am not going to permit you to depreciate yourself. If you are not careful you will have to be punished."

"And how will you punish me, my lord?" she enquired, looking up at him with the lovelight shining in her eyes.

"By inflicting you with even more of my company than I have given you so far," he answered.

At that moment a servant made his appearance on the terrace with their morning mail. There were at least a dozen letters for Middlesborough, and perhaps half as many for his wife.

"Lady Middlesborough," said Cécile, reading the address upon an envelope. "How strange it sounds. I have not yet got over the novelty of it. I suppose, however, in a few weeks' time I shall scarcely notice it."

How sweet and graceful she was as she stood before him.

Middlesborough thought of all that one of those weeks might bring forth, and busied himself opening his letters in order that his agitation might not be noticed.

"Nothing very interesting," he said, as he withdrew the contents of the last envelope. "One from Bennett, who cannot even let me alone on my honeymoon. The furnishers, he says, want to know what colour you would prefer for your boudoir at 'Burgrove,' and he reminds me that as I am now married I shall want some carriage horses for you. He says that those we have are not suitable for a lady's use."

"Whatever you used," she answered, "will be more than good enough for me."

"I am afraid not," he replied. "I should live in a constant state of terror lest any accident should befall you."

"And are those the sort of horses to which you have trusted yourself, Evelyn?" she said. "I am glad indeed that I know it. You must promise me never to have anything to do with them again. You do not know what agonies I should suffer if anything happened to you."

Middlesborough rose from his chair, and walked across the terrace to the parapet. Every turn of the conversation seemed to bring them to an *impasse*. She rose and came over to where he was standing.

"Evelyn," she said, "you have something on your mind this morning. What is it, dear? Will you not tell me? Remember I have the right to know and to share your worries."

She seated herself on the stone wall beside him and took his hand.

"My dear Cécile, I have told you before

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that there is nothing the matter with me," he said this time almost irritably; for the strain he was enduring seemed more than he could bear.

Tears rose in her eyes. He had never spoken to her in that tone before.

"Forgive me, dear," she said softly. "I had no intention of worrying you. It was only because you looked so unhappy that I asked the question. Only let me help you and I shall be quite content."

"I am a brute," he answered, "I don't know what it was that made me speak to you as I did. Will you try to forgive me, Cécile?"

"I have nothing to forgive," she answered, simply. "I love you too well, dear, for such a thing to be necessary."

Then, to change the conversation, she selected a letter from the number she had in her hand.

"Here is a note from papa," she said. "He tells me that he finds it will be possible for him to get away from Paris for a day. He wants to know whether we will take him in to-morrow for one night. He says that he must return, without fail, next day, however."

"Of course we can take him in," Middlesborough replied. "It will be your first opportunity of playing your part as hostess. I envy his delight in seeing you in your new *rôle*. You see that I am capable of being jealous, even of your own father."

"You must never be jealous of any one," she answered. "To be jealous would imply distrust. You do trust me, do you not?"

"I trust you with my whole heart," he said. "It would be strange, indeed, if I did not. Ah, that is the luncheon gong. Let us go in."

Side by side they strolled up the path, under the palms, to the house. Middlesborough recalled the night that he had first met her, and the supper he had given in this self same room afterwards. He also recalled the fact that when his guests had retired for the night he had gone into the garden to smoke, and thinking of that brought to his recollection the dream he had had. Cécile had certainly proved herself his good angel, and Madame d'Espère the opposite. The one had ennobled him, the other had done her best to drag him down into the depths. Which would win in the end?

On the day following the receipt of his letter, de Tarvenac arrived. He had travelled from Paris by the night train, and was quite worn out. This may, in a measure, have accounted for his appearance, but it certainly struck both Middlesborough and Cécile that in the few days that had elapsed since they had said good-bye to him, he had changed visibly for the worse. His face was more haggard and his eyes more sunken. Cécile was truly shocked at his condition, and said as much to her husband.

"I am afraid he misses your controlling hand," said the latter. "You must keep him here with you if you can, and look after him for a while."

If, however, there were any doubt about de Tarvenac's state of health, there could be no doubt about the fact that he was decidedly pleased to be with them again. He complimented Middlesborough upon Cécile, remarking that he never remembered seeing her look so well.

"One has only to glance at her face to see that she is happy," he continued. "You are aware what that means to me. Only those who have known sorrow can properly appreciate happiness."

"Are you not happy then, that you talk like this?" Middlesborough enquired.

"Happiness and I said good-bye to each other many years ago," de Tarvenac replied. "Mine has been a wasted life, and all that is left me now is remorse."

He spoke with such bitterness that Middlesborough could not help being touched by it. Since he had loved Cécile he had come to have a greater sympathy with others. Until then, his naturally sweet disposition had been soured and embittered by the chicaneries, the deceits and petty cruelties of his world; under her gentle influence, however, he was gradually becoming, both morally and physically, a better man. Though he had long known that de Tarvenac was devoted to his daughter, he had never seen him show such affection to her as he did during his short visit to the South. He scarcely left her side. They strolled through the gardens, sat upon the terrace together, and, from his behaviour towards her, he might have been about to embark on a long journey which would occupy many years. Once when he was alone with his father-in-law for a few moments, Middlesborough said as much in a jesting manner. De Tarvenac laughed a little bitterly.

"One never knows what a day may bring forth," he said. "You see the state of my health, I am alive now, but in five minutes the tiny valve upon which my life depends may fail to act, and I shall be dead. My existence is a gamble from minute to minute."

"I hope you have said nothing of this to Cécile?" Middlesborough asked anxiously.

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"I do not mean, of course, that you would do so with the intention of giving her pain, but she loves you so devotedly, and is so anxious concerning your health, that she might attach an exaggerated importance to your words."

"No, I have said nothing to her," her father replied. "You may rely on that."

Next day, by dint of much pressing, de Tarvenac was prevailed upon to remain another night. Cécile thought the little change was doing him good, and at dinner that evening she endeavoured to persuade him to prolong his visit for a week. Her husband seconded her efforts. He remembered his own dread appointment, and it struck him that it would be better for Cécile, in the event of anything happening to himself, that her father should be with her when she received the news.

"Why will you not stay?" he enquired. "Unfortunately, it is necessary for me to return to Paris at the end of the week on important business, so that you might take care of Cécile during my absence."

"Impossible, impossible," said de Tarvenac, "I, too, have a most important engagement. One that it is absolutely imperative I should keep. At all hazards I must be in Paris by Friday evening."

Middlesborough was in the act of lifting a glass of champagne to his lips; suddenly his fingers relaxed their grip upon the slender stem; the glass fell from his hand, and the wine was spilt upon the cloth. The room swam before his eyes. A fear, so awful, so intense, that, for a moment, it deprived him even of the power of thinking, had taken possession of him. What could it mean? Like a man in a dream he saw the butler come to his side, and remove the broken glass, while a footman mopped up the wine that had been spilt. Then, little by little, he recovered his self-possession, but for the remainder of the meal he sat almost silent, battling with a fear, beside which that of his own death was a mere bagatelle.

When they rose from the table and de Tarvenac joined Cécile in the drawing-room, Middlesborough went out into the cool night air. Almost unconsciously he made his way down to the spot where they had been seated that afternoon. The waves broke against the walls with gentle rhythm, and the melancholy cry of a sea-bird came from across the water. He had no attention to spare for either, however. He was fighting a suspicion that was worse than death itself. Could there be even the wildest possibility in the awful thought that had come to him at dinner? If so, what should he do? In two days' time, scarcely more than forty-eight hours from that moment, he would be standing in the arena of the house at St. Germain to fight his duel. Who was the man, to kill whom he had been practising so assiduously of late? He could not but remember his old suspicion that de Tarvenac, not being the possessor of sufficient means to pay the fine imposed, had determined to effect his release by fighting the number of duels required by the rules of the club. He had evidently fought one before he had defeated de Gonville; could this be the last of the series? Presently he returned to the house, and, knowing that if he remained longer away his wife would think that something was amiss, he made his way to the drawing-room. At the moment he entered, Cécile was playing a little lullaby of Grieg's, and, as he heard it, Middlesborough felt that the air would haunt him until he died.

"Where have you been, dear?" his wife enquired as she rose from the piano. "We have missed you."

"I have been for a stroll on the terrace," he answered. "I had a headache at dinner, and thought the night air might cure it; it is a lovely night."

When his wife slipped her arm through his and led him to the window he found that it cost him almost an effort to refrain from drawing away from her. If his terrible suspicions were correct, it would be sacrilege to let her touch him.

Half-an-hour later Cécile bade them good night; she was tired, she said, and would retire to bed. When she had left them, Middlesborough led de Tarvenac into the verandah. He had something to say to him, and it seemed as if his life depended on the answer he should receive.

"I am going to ask a favour of you," he said to his guest when they were alone together. "I shall be under an eternal obligation to you if you will grant it."

"If it is possible, you may be sure that I will do so," the other replied. "What is it you want me to do."

"It is absolutely necessary that I should go to Paris to-morrow," said Middlesborough, after a moment's hesitation. "My lawyer is there, and says he must see me."

This, in a great measure was true, for he had received a letter from Bennett that morning, asking him if he should happen by any chance to be in Paris, to let him know in

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order that he might call upon him. He was, however, only desirous of finding out whether his suspicions were correct.

"And what is it that you wish me to do?" de Tarvenac enquired.

"I want you to remain with Cécile during my absence," Middlesborough replied. "I shall return on Saturday, if all goes well. The little change is doing you good, and another few days will probably make all the difference in the world to you. Is it possible for you to do what I ask?"

"I am sorry to say it is quite out of the question," de Tarvenac answered vehemently. "As I have already told you, I also have a most important appointment in Paris on Friday. Why not take Cécile with you? She would be happier there than remaining here alone."

This was an aspect of the case that had not struck Middlesborough. As a drowning man is said to clutch at a straw, so he grasped at any opportunity of having Cécile with him, if only for a few hours longer. In his own heart he felt quite certain that de Tarvenac was the man he was to fight. Otherwise, why should he be so anxious to return to Paris on this particular day?

De Tarvenac's face was more haggard than when they had last seen him, and his eyes more sunken.

"Is it settled then that Cécile goes to Paris with us?" her father enquired. "For, of course, since we are leaving here on the same day, we shall travel together."

As he said it, Middlesborough noticed that there was an eager look in the other's face; it showed him that his own craving was being reflected in the heart of the man seated opposite him. Looked at in the bare and naked light of truth, how futile and absurd it all was. Why should he fight de Tarvenac, and why should de Tarvenac fight him? They had no quarrel with each other; on the contrary they had the best of reasons for remaining friends. Why could they not speak openly to each other and so settle the matter? If he could only say to de Tarvenac, "I, the husband of your daughter, am the man you are hoping to kill on Friday night," the other would probably answer, "For her sake you shall not do it. It would break her heart." Against this, however, there was the ever present knowledge that he had pledged his word never to do or say anything, either directly or by insinuation, to any living person, concerning the club of which he was a member. He might break the oath if he chose, tell de Tarvenac, and refuse to fight, but in that case how much better off would he be? He would be branded as a man who had broken his promise, would be insulted in a public place, and would have to go on fighting until he was killed. He had far better get it over once and for all. In this diabolical arrangement, he thought he could trace the hand of Madame d' Espère. Doubtless this was the vengeance she had vowed against

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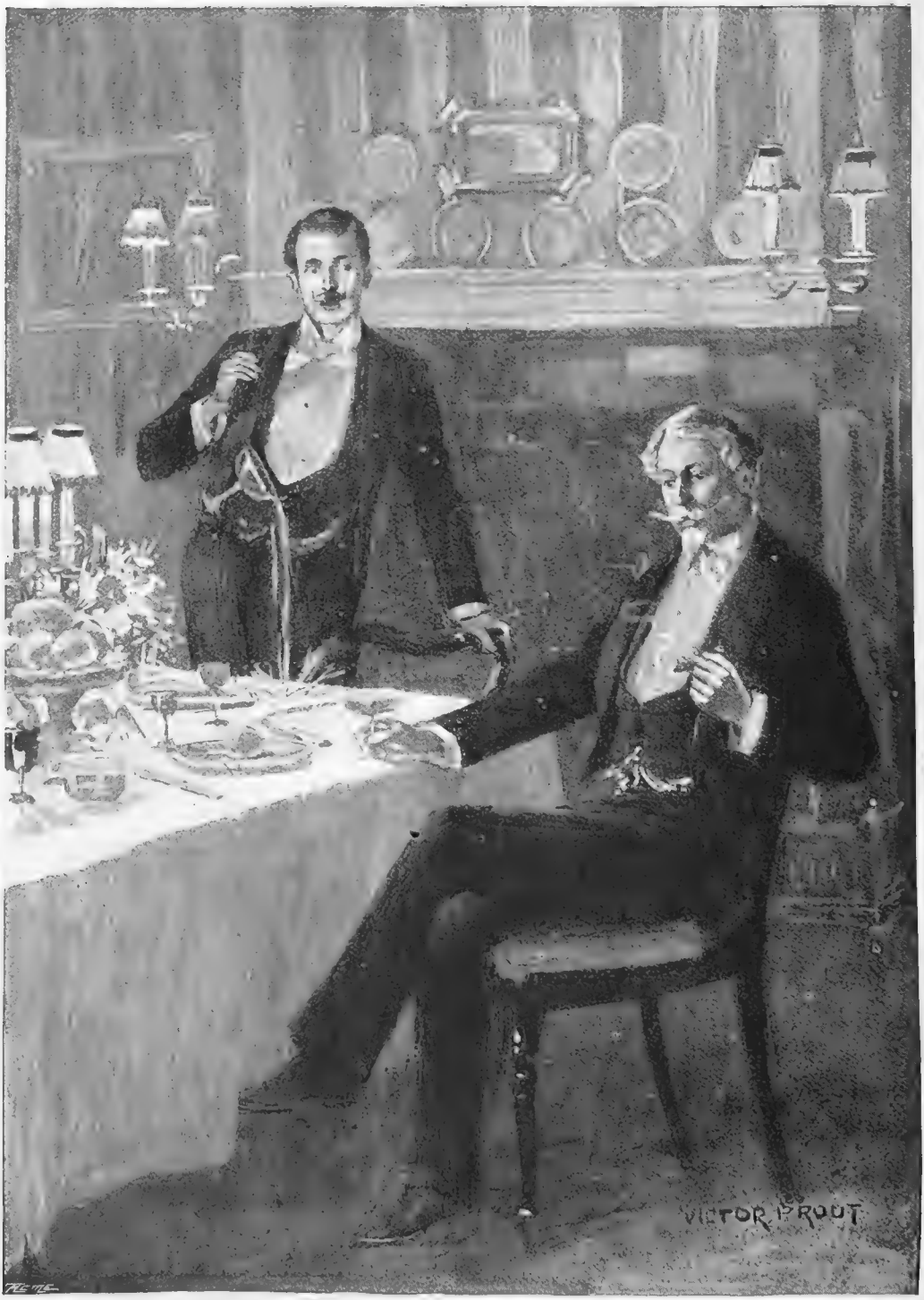

Suddenly Middlesborough's fingers relaxed their grip upon the slender stem; the glass fell from his hand, and the wine was spilt on the cloth.

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him. It looked like it as the matter stood now, for whichever man was killed, the effect upon Cécile would be the same. She, poor child, as Middlesborough was well aware, would suffer in either case.

"Perhaps she had better come with us after all," said Middlesborough, in answer to the question de Tarvenac had put to him. "It will be rather early for her to start, but I've no doubt, under the circumstances, she will not mind that."

A bitter smile flickered across his face as he thought of the irony contained in that apparently simple phrase "under the circumstances."

"Having arranged our difficulty so satisfactorily, my dear Middlesborough," said de Tarvenac, rising from his seat, "if you will permit me, I will wish you good night. It is growing late."

"Good night," his host replied, and as he spoke he took the other's outstretched hand. It was as cold as ice.

When he was alone once more, Middlesborough went into the garden. From the path before the house he could see the light shining from his wife's bed-room windows. He could picture her lying there, with her sweet face upon the pillow, her beautiful hair making a fitting frame for the lovely head. With a morbid probing into the very heart, he wondered which loss would affect her the more. That she loved himself passionately, he had no doubt. On the other hand, he remembered what she had said to him, in the old garden at Todthorpe, on the night that her father had fainted—"If anything were to happen to my father, I believe it would kill me," and he knew that she had meant it. Seldom had it fallen to the lot of a father to be loved as was de Tarvenac.

For more than an hour Middlesborough paced the garden paths—thinking, thinking, thinking. It was a tangled skein he had to unravel, but at last he accomplished it and came to an understanding with himself. Cécile loved her father passionately, and her father loved her with an equal fervour. Until he, Middlesborough, had appeared upon the scene, they had been all in all to each other. Why should they not be so in the future? By his death Cécile would be a rich woman; on that score he had nothing to fear. If he, her husband, loved her as he said he did, how could he give her better proof of his affection than by saving her father's life for her? That was his idea. If no other way out of the difficulty could be found, he would meet de Tarvenac and accept his fate at his hands. Nothing, he vowed, should induce him to make an attempt on the other's life. He would defend himself as long as was possible, then take his *coup de grace*, and say farewell to Cécile and the world. That neither she or her father would know of his sacrifice, or of the circumstances of his death, did not affect him in the least. It was sufficient for him to feel that in doing what he proposed he was promoting Cécile's happiness so far as lay in his power. Strange though it may appear, he had no sooner arrived at this decision than a peace such as he had not known since de Chartres had called upon him that night in Paris, fell upon him. He went into the house, and before passing to his dressing-room entered his wife's room. There she lay, exactly as he had pictured her, sleeping peacefully, one little hand resting upon the coverlet. He bent and kissed her, and at the touch of his lips she woke, and smiled up at him as happy as a little child.

"I was dreaming of you," she said. "I thought we were back in the old garden at Todthorpe, and that you were telling me once more how much you loved me. Oh, Evelyn, what a happy woman I am to have the love of two such men!"

"No one could help loving you, Cécile," he said in a voice that was curiously low and husky.

CHAPTER XII.

When they reached Paris, de Tarvenac informed Middlesborough that he had made up his mind to remain in his old quarters in the Rue Joséphine, instead of continuing his visit to them as Cécile had endeavoured to persuade him to do. He had his library there, he said, and all the other necessaries for his work. Besides, as he further explained, they were so newly wed that it would be scarcely fair for a third party to intrude upon their happiness at such an early date.

"You make an ideal husband, my dear Middlesborough," he had said to the latter as they stood upon the platform of the station at Monte Carlo, and saw the manner in which Middlesborough had arranged for his wife's comfort on the return journey to Paris. "It was indeed a fortunate day for Cécile when I persuaded you to accompany me to our house at Todthorpe."

Middlesborough returned his thanks for the compliment he paid him, but he wondered what de Tarvenac would have said had he known everything. In Paris they parted on the platform of the railway station, and Middlesborough and his wife drove to their

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Cécile was playing a lullaby of Grieg's, and Middlesborough felt that the melody would haunt him until he died.

own house, where, on their arrival, the major domo threw open the door with a smiling face to receive them. He was an old retainer of the Middlesborough family, and this was the moment he had been looking forward to ever since his master had been a lad. His happiness was complete when Cécile thanked him for the kind wishes he expressed to her. From that moment he constituted himself her slave.

After luncheon Middlesborough excused himself to Cécile, and went out to meet Bennett at his hotel. Most of his preparations were complete, but a few arrangements still remained to be made.

He found Bennett smoking in the verandah, which ran round the court-yard of his hotel. On seeing his client alight from his cab, he rose from his chair and came down the steps to greet him. His first feeling was one of shocked surprise.

"How wretchedly ill you are looking, my lord," he said. "Your face frightens me. I hope you have seen a doctor?"

"That is what brings me here," Middlesborough replied. "I want to tell you the result. Have you a room in which we can be alone? There are too many people here."

Bennett led the way to an apartment on the first floor.

"Nobody will disturb us in this room," he said, as he shut the door behind him. "Now, my lord, I beg of you to tell me all your news. I hope it is nothing serious."

"It is more serious than you imagine, Bennett," Middlesborough replied. "I have come to you on a very grave matter indeed. In fact, it could scarcely be graver. To tell you the plain truth I am in such a state that I may go off at any minute."

The lawyer gave a gesture of alarm.

"Is your heart then affected?" he asked, anxiously, for he could not but remember the wild life the other had led in bygone days. "Yes! my heart is very seriously affected," Middlesborough replied, but with a somewhat different meaning. "It is a terrible position, is it not, for a man to find himself in who has only been married a week."

"You alarm me beyond measure," the lawyer answered. "This is the most serious news."

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"I thought it would affect you," Middlesborough answered gravely. He was struck by the other's devotion to himself. "I shall know to-night exactly what my lease of life is. You are not leaving Paris to-day, I hope?"

"I was thinking of doing so," Bennett replied. "But if you wish me to remain I will gladly do so."

"I should be very much obliged if you would," said the other. "Perhaps it would not be troubling you too much to call at my house to-morrow morning at about half past ten?"

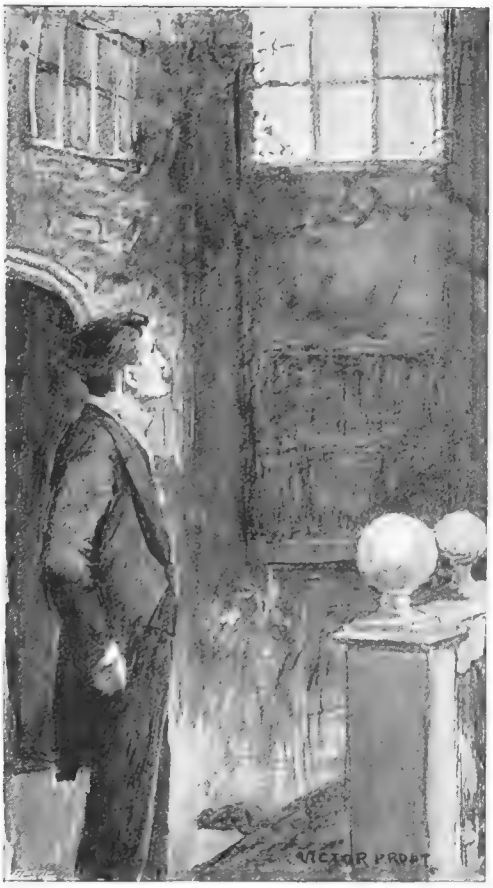
"I will do so, of course, if you wish it," the lawyer replied. "I sincerely hope you may have better news to tell me then."

Middlesborough rose to leave. Then, as if a thought struck him, he turned to Bennett again.

"My dear old friend," he said, taking the other's hand. "One never knows what may happen, even in a few hours, and it is best, under such circumstances, to say things while one thinks of them. I am your debtor for a thousand kindnesses in the past. I hope you will believe that I am not ungrateful."

"It has always been a pleasure to serve you, my lord," returned Bennett, in whose eyes the tears had suddenly risen. "Our house has served yours for many generations, and, if you will allow me to say so, there is something more than a mere business liking behind it."

"There certainly is," said Middlesborough. "Now, good-bye. By the way, in case anything *should* happen to me, I suppose there is no doubt about the validity of my settlements upon Lady Middlesborough?"



He could see the light shining from his wife's bedroom windows.

"None whatever," the other answered. "You may rest assured upon that score."

"That lightens the load considerably," said Middlesborough, and then, bidding the lawyer good-bye, and begging him to remember his appointment for the following morning, he left his hotel.

On reaching his own residence once more he wrote a letter to Sir William Ballister, reminding him of the promise he had given him on the day that he had introduced him to Cécile, and this he placed, with one he had already written to his wife, in the drawer of his writing table, where both would be found when the lock should be forced in order to discover his papers.

"All my preparations are complete now, I think," he said to himself as he stood before the fireplace, holding in his hand the keys of the drawers he had just locked.

In the drawing-room which adjoined his study he could hear Cécile playing one of the "Lieder ohne Wörte." The music had a touch of mockery in it that night that he had never noticed before. Unconscious of what was taking place in the adjoining room, Cécile played on. Then, knowing that her husband was in the house, and wondering why he did not come to her, she left the drawing-room and entered the study in search of him.

"I have come to look for you," she said. "I heard you return, but you did not come to see me. What have you been doing?"

He was sitting before his table and she placed her arms round his neck and bent over him to kiss him.

"I have been writing letters," he answered.

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"They accumulate so rapidly unless one attends to them at once."

"Were they so important that you could not leave them to come to me?" she asked, with a smile.

"I thought I had better get them disposed of in time for the post," he answered, not knowing what to say. "Do you know, Cécile, I am afraid that it will be necessary for me to go out this evening at eleven? I have an important appointment."

"An important appointment at eleven?" she repeated, with a puzzled look on her face. Then recollecting herself, she continued, "But I am wrong to say anything about it. You would not go, of course, unless it were necessary. I am so selfish that I always want to keep you with me. I forget that others want you too."

The remainder of the day was one of unspeakable horror to Middlesborough. He had no fear concerning the end that would come at the Club; no fear either as to the manner in which his body would be disposed of afterwards. The most trying part of the ordeal was that of waiting, the attempt to appear unconcerned, when he knew that, so far as he was concerned, there would be no to-morrow.

They had dined and were in the drawing-room, where he was endeavouring to talk composedly to Cécile, when de Tarvenac was announced. A moment later he entered the room.

"Dear father," said Cécile, moving forward to meet him, "how kind of you to come to see us."

"I am here to tell you that I have been called into the country for two or three days," de Tarvenac answered, when he had kissed his daughter. "I thought I would let you know in case you should wonder why you did not see me."

Middlesborough looked at him searchingly while he was speaking. Save, however, for the fact that he was, if possible, a little paler than usual, there was no change in his appearance.

"At what time does your train leave?" Middlesborough enquired.

"At half-past ten," the other answered. "I have not much time to spare."

They talked for upwards of a quarter of an hour on trivial matters, and then de Tarvenac, apologising for such a hasty visit, rose to leave. He took his daughter in his arms and kissed her fondly. After that he followed Middlesborough downstairs, and held out his hand to his son-in-law. "Good-bye," he said, and it seemed to Middlesborough as if there was a greater significance in his voice than the words usually implied.

When he had seen him drive away in his cab, Middlesborough returned to the drawing-room. It was time for him to take leave of Cécile. He had no desire to rouse any suspicion in his wife's mind, and for this reason it was necessary for him to act, even though his heart were breaking, as if he were only going to his club to keep an appointment, after which he would return.

"Good night, dear love," she said. "As you know, I shall long for your return."

"I shall long for your return," he repeated to himself as he went down the stairs. When would he return?

(To be concluded.)

ONLY.

Only a piece of mountain moss,
  Withered, and old, and dry;
Only a simple souvenir
  Of the dear dead days gone by.
Only a portrait old and dim,
  Hallowed by silent tears;
Only one of the links of love,
  Torn from the chain of years.
Only a dream of the days gone by,
  A dream of a lovelit past;
Only a vision that's born of youth,
  A vision too bright to last.
Only the same old story, told
  Just in the same old way;
Only a vow at twilight made,
  That died with dawn of day.
Only a storm on the tide of years,
  A wreck on a rock-bound shore;
Only a winter wild and white,
  And the dream of life is o'er.
Only a life-line cast adrift,
  On the river of earthly sighs;
Only a sun in shadow-land,
  Then weary daylight dies.

SMEDLEY NORTON.

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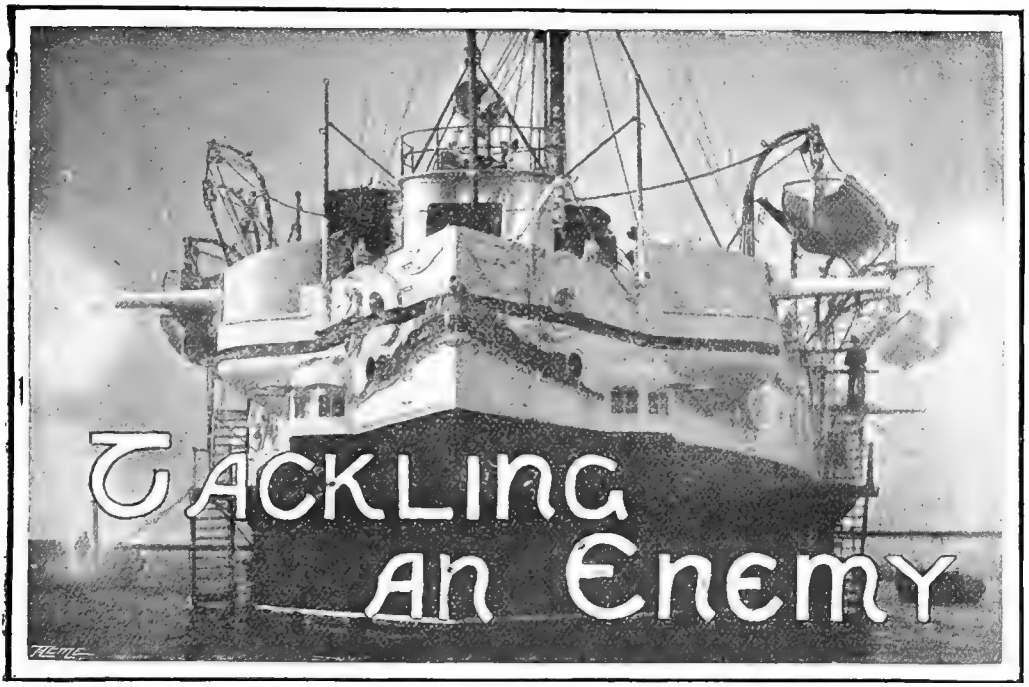

Photo by S. Cribb.

By Archibald S. Hurd.

Being the third of a series of articles on "How the Navy is Run."

"General Quarters!" There is a commotion as each man takes his allotted place under his particular officer. A few minutes of exciting bustle without confusion occur, no pantomimic encounters between men getting in each other's way, but a deft readjustment on a set plan preparing the ship to receive the more or less polite attentions of an imaginary enemy. It is merely a drill, but every officer and man stands at his post in dead earnest as though grim war were really imminent and the honour of the flag were in the balance.

Often in times of stress, when we are passing through a crisis, some foreign journal will announce to its readers that certain British warships, at Malta or Gibraltar, at Hong Kong or elsewhere, have been cleared for action, and the men have been ordered to rest by night at their guns ready for the order to fire the first shot. Sometimes such statements have firm foundation in fact, but as a rule the foreigner merely misunderstands what is going on, and mistakes an earnestly performed drill for the real thing. Week after week the order for "General Quarters" is sounded on board our warships, and the best guarantee that the British tax-payer has of the real efficiency of the fleet is the fact that officers and men spend their days in time of peace in preparing for the thunderclap of war.

Even under ordinary circumstances, when peacefully patrolling some highway of commerce, a battleship of our times appeals but feebly to the little of the poet that is in each of us. But even those old sailors who still pin their faith to ships of wood with great spreads of canvas to entrap every passing breeze—and there are still many left—admit that a modern armoured leviathan has a rude, gaunt beauty of its own, a beauty born of strength. It has few features that please the eye of the artist who desires the appearance of sheer masterfulness to be relieved by the ever changing form of bellying sail with the nimble sailors aloft manipulating the canvas.

A modern armoured ship is a thing quite distinct from the sailing line-of-battleship of the old days. It is true that they both float, but they float differently. The ship of steel appears absolutely to ride the waves with a steady ease, whereas the old ship danced and curtsied. It is, perhaps, an acquired taste that enables one to see beauty in a mastodon of the Navy of to-day

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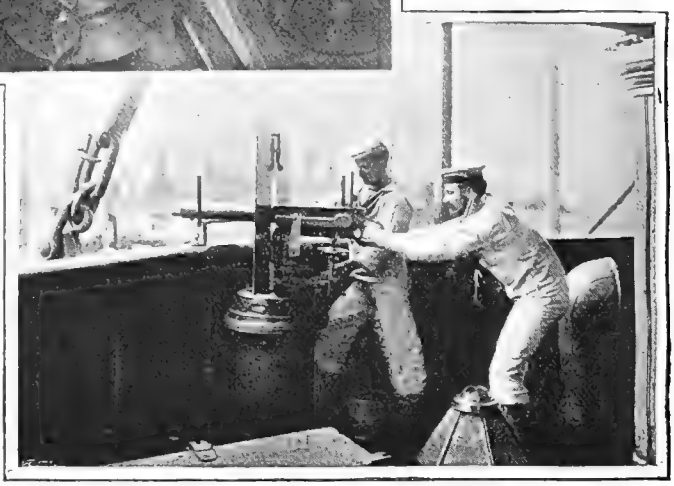
Decks cleared for action. In real war all inflammable material is thrown overboard to prevent, as far as possible, fires from being kindled by the enemy's shells.

Photos by R. Thiele & Co.



Sailors firing a Maxim gun on board a warship.

when peacefully disposed, but under no circumstances could anyone be brought to admit that there is any beauty in a battleship as it goes into action.

Such a ship as the 13,000 ton *Canopus*, completed for the pennant at Portsmouth a few months ago, and commissioned by Captain W. H. Fawkes, until lately private secretary to Mr. Goschen, the First Lord of the Admiralty, is neither a thing of beauty nor a joy for ever when she strips to the waist, otherwise the water-line, like a prize fighter in readiness for his antagonist. A few months ago, when the outlook was overcast by rumours of European interference in South Africa, the Channel Squadron was on the Irish coast waiting for orders to proceed to Gibraltar, and the Admiral's signal ran like lightning from ship to ship: "Prepare for war." A landsman might have jumped to the conclusion that Vice-Admiral Sir Harry Rawson apprehended that his splendid fleet might be attacked at any moment, but, as a matter of fact, this was merely the ordinary drill of a man-of-war, which is practised continually, so that when "the real thing" comes every one of the seven or eight hundred officers and men may know what he has to do, and will do it all the better because he has practised it over and over again.

The main point that an Admiral in these days of high explosive shells has to remember is that quite as great loss of life is caused by fire as by the enemy's shells, and that the latter, when they fail to kill anyone directly, will often cause such a conflagration as will severely tax the resources of the crew and call men away from their guns, and thus for a time leave some weapons insufficiently served. In the war between China and Japan, and more recently in the Spanish-American war, the damage caused by fires was terrible. The Americans have taken the lesson to heart, and are building practically all their warships with fittings of non-inflammable wood, and the British Admiralty intends to follow their example. Nearly all the fittings in the

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new Royal yacht are of non-inflammable wood, and the new battleships and cruisers will probably be fitted in the same way.

The warships at present in commission, however, have a great quantity of beautiful joinery and fittings to adorn them, and when war occurs this will be the first anxiety of the captain of each ship. His immediate thought, when he learns that he may shortly engage the enemy, will be how much of the inflammable material in the ship can be thrown overboard. Consequently, this emergency is prepared for in time of peace. When the signal is made, "Prepare for war," all the woodwork in the vessel that is movable is marked "overboard," and everything else likely to feed a fire, unless it is indispensable to the proper working of the ship, is put on the forecastle ready to be cast overboard. Wire ladders take the place of all the ordinary wooden ones, increased support is provided for the yards, the derricks for boats are securely lashed-in, and men aloft busy themselves seeing that all is as secure as it can be made. Meantime, down below, other seamen are engaged roofing-in the upper deck with what is known as "splinter netting," that is netting which will prevent burning splinters of wood from falling from above on to the men engaged below. Everything above and below is so safely fastened that the risk of danger is reduced to a minimum, and from end to end of the decks all is left clear for the stern work of war, while the decks themselves are flooded with water so as to prevent fires such as proved so disastrous to the Spanish ships. Fire hoses remain rigged ready for any emergency.

Photo by S. Cribb

A ship's "teeth" firing.

In the fighting-top of a battleship. The men reach the platform through an aperture so small that stout men are unable to pass through it.

Photo by S. Cribb.

Photo by R. Thiele & Co.

Lowering the collision mat.

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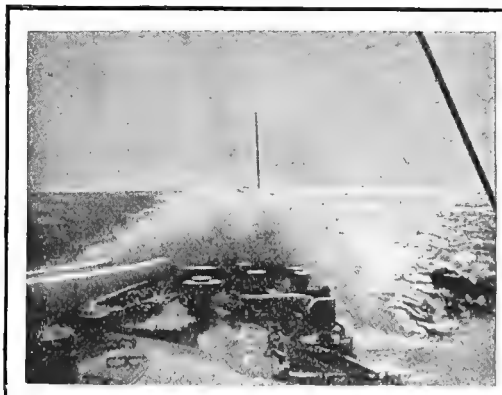
These are merely the preliminary operations, and as soon as they are finished the real work goes ahead. Men move almost as by clockwork to their appointed places, some by the guns, others to feed them with ammunition, others again cover the hatches, other men go up aloft to man the small quick-firing guns in the fighting-tops, other men are below ready to close the doors from one compartment to another in case one of the enemy's shells "gets home." Yet more men are in the bowels of the ship getting up steam, for a ship of war always goes into action with a full head of steam, so as to be ready to respond at a moment's notice to the captain's demand shouted down the voice-tube from the conning-tower: "Full speed ahead" or "full speed astern," whichever manœuvre may be the one for the moment.

There are no men in the modern ship of war whose part is more heroic than the artificers and stokers, and their highly trained officers. When the excitement of battle and the moving scene on every hand are putting fire into their companions at the guns these men are forced to remain below—below even the waterline, of course—sometimes working, sometimes merely on the *qui vive*. Well they know that events which they cannot see and can hardly guess at amid the roar of battle, may suddenly cause the ship to heel over or make a great plunge forward into the waters upon which it has hitherto ridden so majestically.

Few laymen can imagine the noise of battle when modern ships are engaged in combat. It is ear-splitting and terrible, and only the men who are well-trained, as is the case with British seamen, will be able to stand the awful strain on the nerves and senses for any length of time. Apart from the roar of the battle, there are heartrending sights to meet the eye in every direction. When it is remembered that the battleship *Canopus*, which has already been referred to, can fire from her guns seven tons of shot and shell per minute, and that she may in war be pitted against another ship hurling out death and desolation at the same rate, it will be understood what awful engines of destruction are our thirty odd battleships already in commission, which are the envy of the world. Besides these there are the reserves and two hundred cruisers, most of them of modern construction, all able to give a very good account of themselves.

In actual warfare the conning tower is the brain of the ship, and there during this weekly exercise the captain



H.M.S. *Royal Oak* steaming against a head sea.

Firing the 67-ton guns.

These photos were specially taken for the ROYAL MAGAZINE *by a Naval Officer.*

Replacing gear after decks have been cleared for action.

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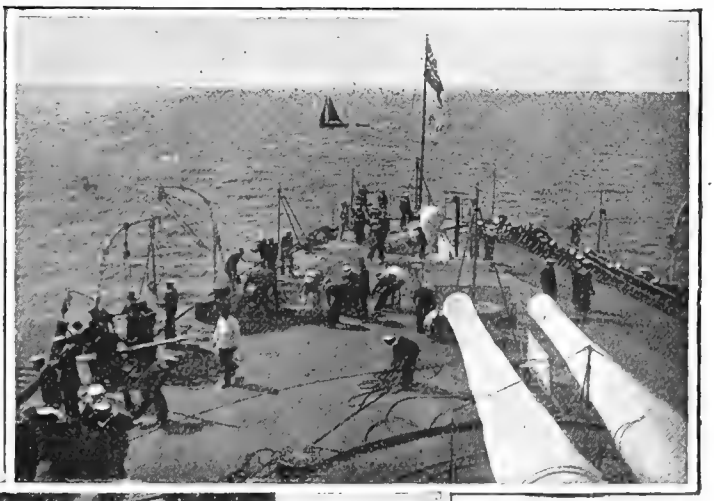
stands in a circle of armour from 6ins. to 12ins. thick. Before him are a variety of speaking tubes, telephones, bells, and nautical instruments communicating with every part of the ship, and a series of little shutters enabling him to look out on the scene around him. As soon as "General Quarters" begin, reports commence to come in to him showing that the ship



Here the men are seen hauling in torpedo nets at the conclusion of an engagement.

Photos by R. Thiele & Co.

Smiths at work on board. These men are very necessary to a warship, as there are constantly repairs to be executed.

is ready. He knows that all the men are by their guns, being drilled, and learning all about the use of their weapons by day or by night; that the stokers are doing their duty as firemen; that in the "flats" the doctors are busy explaining to their staffs how to treat the wounded, while a stretcher party is carrying from his post of duty some man who is supposed to have been wounded; and that elsewhere other activities are going forward.

In the neighbourhood of the magazines and shell-rooms men are busy over their duties, one man standing sentinel by each of the water-tight doors, which have, of course, been closed; while other men are engaged in sending up ammunition to the guns. The drill is continually varied so as to provide practice for meeting every contingency. It is this change of drill which renders Jack so well able to meet a sudden call or to cope with an unexpected event.

Another series of exercises follows the bugle-call, "Prepare to ram." The ship is steering dead on to an enemy. All the guns possible are trained on the bow, every man lies down or takes shelter, and at a signal the quick-firing guns belch forth their full weight of metal, while other guns are ready to give the enemy a parting salvo if the ram, probably of not less than 30 tons of solid steel, has missed its mark.

It is impossible to trace the practice in detail, it is so varied and so complicated; but reference must be made to the order: "Upper deck quarters, out collision mats." The supposition is that one of the enemy's projectiles has made a hole in the ship's side. A modern battleship is composed of scores of compartments shut off by water-tight doors, which in

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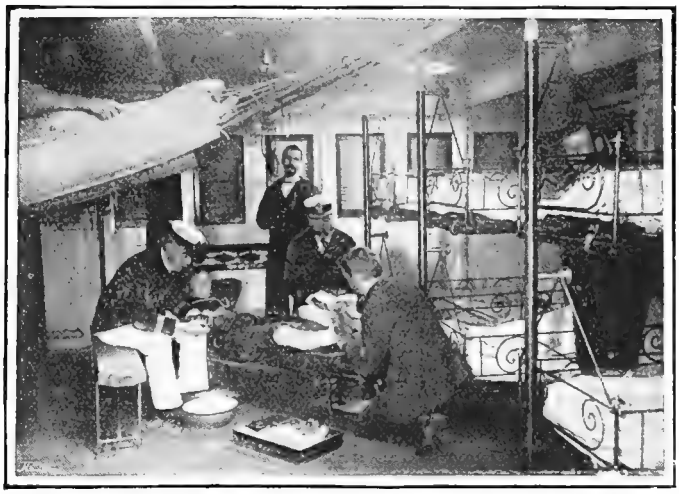

Photo by R. Thiele & Co.

In the sick bay. Attending to the wounded after an engagement.

action would be kept closed as much as possible. Hence, when a hole is made in the ship's side below the water-line, the compartment struck is liable to be flooded. At once, when the order is given, men are in readiness to place over the hole a collision mat, which the action of the sea assists to hold close to the hole, while other men stand ready to pump the water out of the compartment. This is the theory; but whether in actual warfare the watertight doors and the collision mats will fulfill their purpose, who can say? All these expedients, even the ships themselves, are experiments. All that naval architects and officers can tell us is that our fighting machines and their marvellous appliances are the result of their most careful thoughts and in their belief the best in the world.

Apart from these drills there are many other activities on a modern warship. It is a floating town, with its workshops in which highly trained mechanics are ever busy making and repairing. Two pictures illustrating this article show blacksmiths, armourers, and carpenters in their special quarters carrying on their trades as though they were on *terra firma*. All extensive repairs are, of course, carried out in the dockyards, and the ship's staff can only deal with those which may be done in a short time. But the resourcefulness of the naval mechanic in an emergency is most admirable.

Of course we have had no actual proof as to the results in real warfare of all this training. It is satisfactory, however, to know that as a fighter Jack upheld his character so splendidly during the siege of Ladysmith. His nickname of "the handy man" is only too well-merited, and, as has been told over and over again, the beleaguered town owed its salvation to the naval brigade and naval guns which had proceeded across country from Durban. Although none of our bluejackets have had an opportunity of engaging in a sea battle, naval detachments have many times, during the past ten years or so, distinguished themselves in land fighting. Not a campaign or punitive expedition has been undertaken on the West Coast of Africa but what Jack has been well to the fore. He seems to have the happy knack of adapting himself to varied circumstances in perhaps a greater degree than his comrade of the Army, and it is for this reason that he is so often selected for the work of chastising a coast tribe or a chief of the interior of the Dark Continent.

Photo by R. Thiele & Co.

Armourers and gunsmiths mending and cleaning up.

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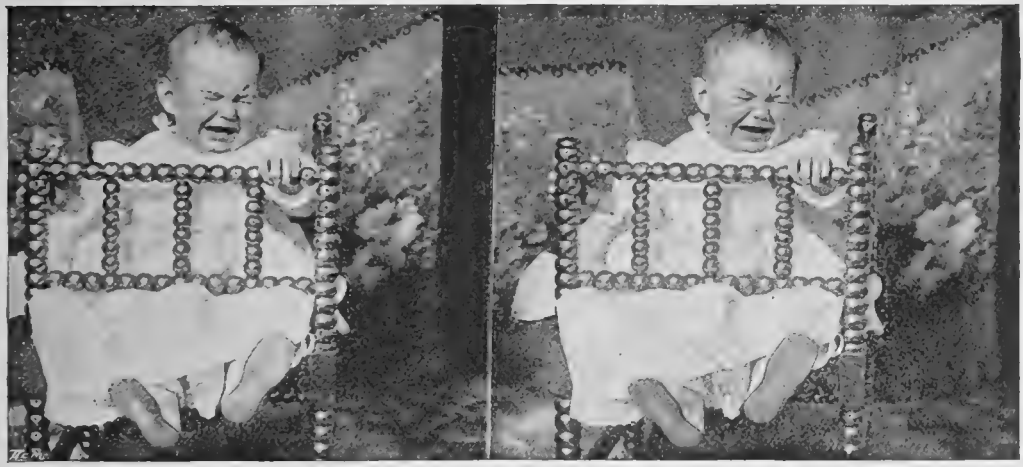
OUR STEREOSCOPIC GALLERY.



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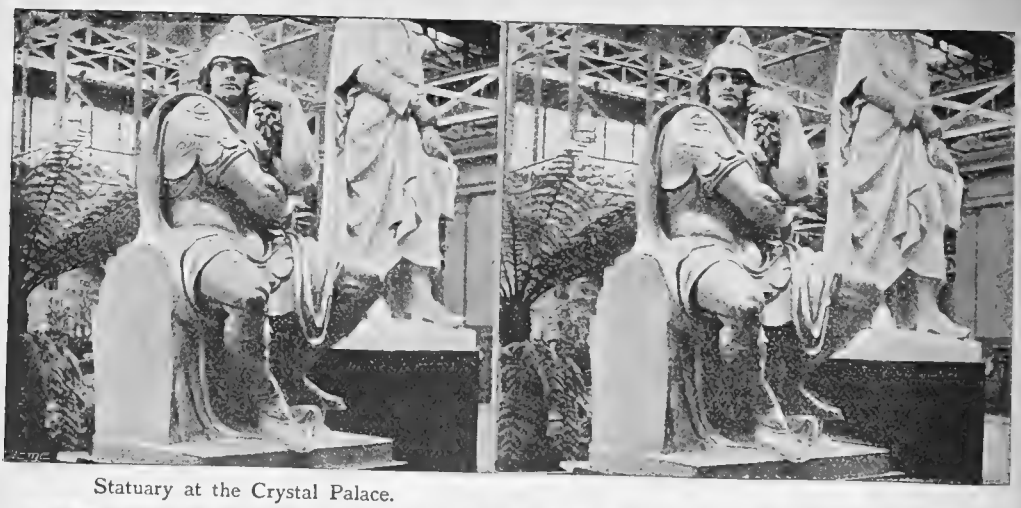
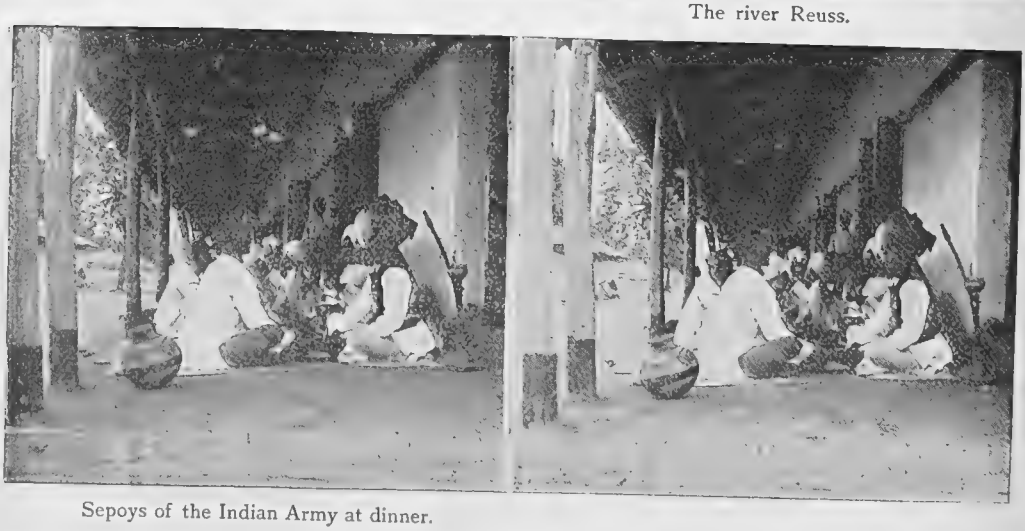


Statuary at the Crystal Palace.

The river Reuss.



Sepoys of the Indian Army at dinner.

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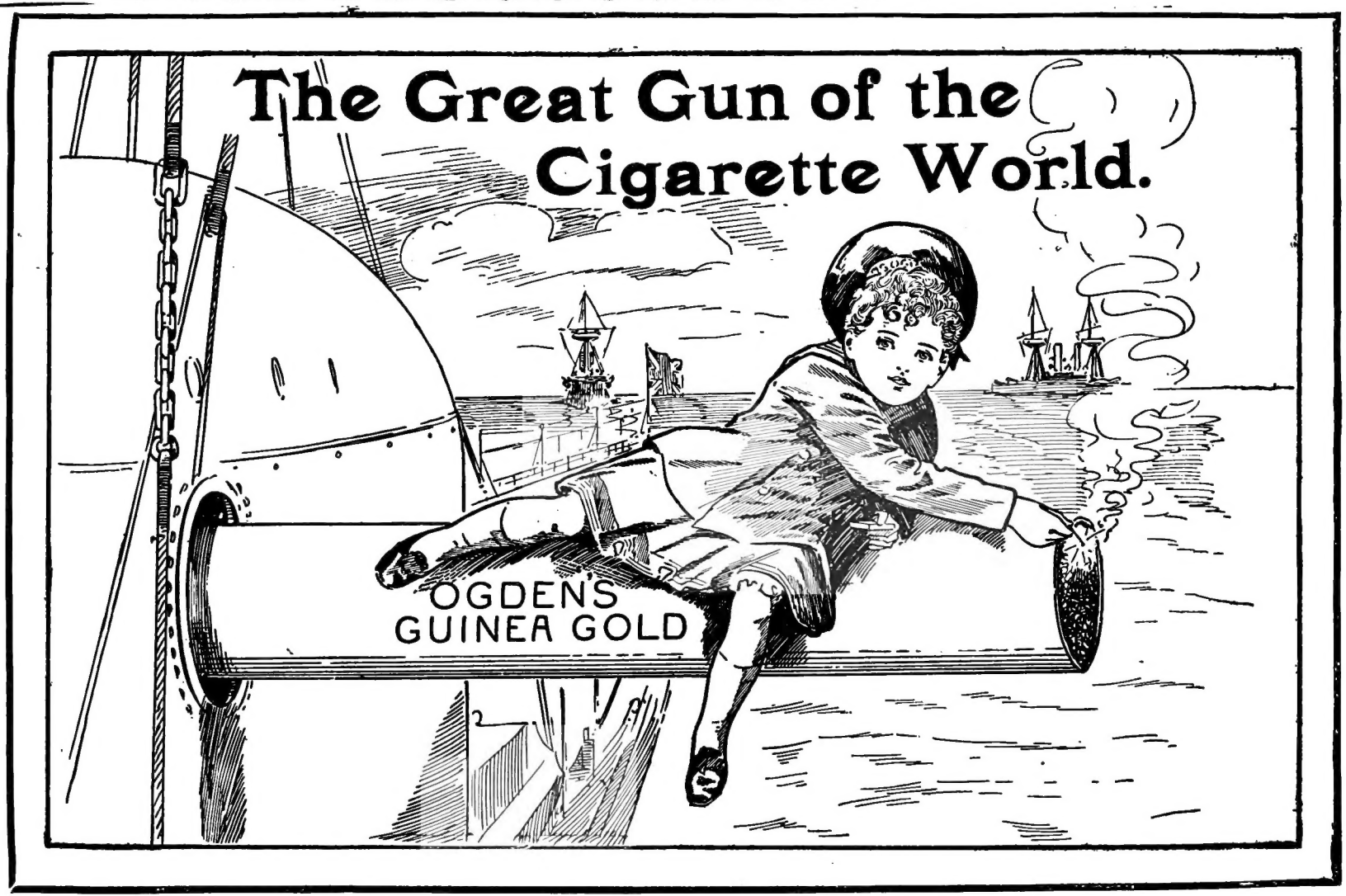

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